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The Footplate Men and the Stevedores

CAN any grievance justify a trade union in threatening the country with a general economic shut-down? That is a question which Mr. Baty, of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers & Firemen, has avoided answering in any of his public utterances, but one which his colleagues on the T.U.C., as well as rank-and-file trade unionists in other industries, are bound to ask themselves. The footplate men must face the fact that the more successful their strike is in terms of duration and solidarity, the more fundamentally they will be challenging the whole community—including their fellow workers—and the more likely they are to lose in the end. For we doubt whether they will succeed in scaring the Government into surrender. Indeed, there are almost certainly this week-end powerful voices in the Cabinet urging the long-term advantages of a real showdown with "irresponsible" and "overweening" trade unionism—just as outside the Cabinet there are plenty of hardheaded industrialists who privately welcome, on both political and economic grounds, an emergency which, if it continues, must turn the majority of the public against the unions. If this reasoning is sound, it follows that the A.S.L.E.F. must be very sure of its case and must shape its strategy to win quickly or not at all.

On the merits of the dispute, there should be no doubt that footplate men, like signalmen, have a genuine grievance. Regardless of theoretical arguments about differentials, which they thought were settled last autumn, they are mostly underpaid by any sensible comparative standard. The result is a chronic discontent in the most skilled railway jobs and a persistent difficulty in recruiting adequate new entrants to the railway service, in the face of competition from the higher paid (and often less skilled) piecework industries. An outsider might well say that the obvious remedy in a public utility—which necessarily offers few chances of high bonus-earnings—is an agreed pricing of jobs to establish a standard differential between every grade of railway worker. Under such a system, wage negotiations would almost invariably be initiated by the lowest paid worker, and an increase for him would be accompanied by a percentage increase all the way up the line. Nor do we believe that public opinion would allow the Transport Commission to reject, on the grounds of initial cost, such a constructive solution, provided that all the men involved were prepared to accept it.

But they are not; and under the present union organisation they never will be. For once such a grading were established, the need for a separate union to represent only the highly skilled footplate men would cease to exist. The day it signed such an agreement, in fact, the A.S.L.E.F. would be signing its own death warrant and surrendering its birthright to the N.U.R. Thus, in a very real sense, the railway strike is a jurisdictional dispute between unions. The grievance is a real one and deserves public support; but it is rivalry between two unions which rules out any likelihood of agreement on the means of redress.

The footplate men are striking to preserve their independence of other grades of railway worker and to deny a settlement of their wage claim which would, in effect, lead to the formation of a single industrial union for every grade of railway worker. But before they are condemned for irresponsibility, it is worth while recalling the situation in the docks. There a giant union has secured from the employers what amount to monopoly rights of negotiation; and yet 20,000 men are now on strike, basically because of the failure of the T. & G.W. to satisfy the skilled stevedores that their interests are served by this all-embracing machine.

In this situation a great responsibility rests on the T.U.C. Only the most sanguine can doubt that, if these strikes are allowed to continue, a Tory Government will, by one

means and another, exploit the resultant economic disaster to the long-term disadvantage of high wages and strong trade unions. At the same time, no wise trade union leader will overlook the fact that skilled men on the railways have reasonable grounds, both for their grievance over wages and for their mistrust of a single industrial union. We believe that on the railways, as in the docks and other centralised public utilities, the industrial union (or, at very least, the federation of unions in an industry) is, in the long run, the only possible solution. And we do not believe that it should be beyond the wisdom of the T.U.C., with the Committee of Six it has set up, to devise the constitutional means by which footplatemen, stevedores and other highly skilled men in the public utilities could feel confident that their interests were secured.

The Week's Moves

So far, this week, the immediate impact of the railway stoppage has been cushioned, first by the public's recourse to improvised road transport, and secondly, by the fact that Whitsun holidays extended, for many industrial firms, up to Wednesday. It was clear that comparatively few N.U.R. footplate crews had joined the strike; skeleton rail services were running; and, with the assumption by the Government of powers, under the state of emergency proclaimed on Tuesday, to relax restrictions on the use of goods vehicles, it was evident that there was no immediate threat to essential services.

On the other hand, the prospects were that, if there was no settlement, conditions next week would become serious for the heavy industries and for engineering works dependent on substantial quantities of steel. The National Coal Board was making plans to stock at pitheads coal which could not be moved from the collieries; but transport of iron ore is difficult, except by rail, and some steel works seemed likely to close down after this weekend.

Last Saturday night, when negotiations finally broke down, it became clear that the Ministry of Labour had exhausted all possibilities of finding a basis for settlement. The A.S.L.E.F. had rejected the Transport Commission's offer to grant advances to some drivers—trains to be classified in categories—but not to firemen or to drivers on shunting duties. Sir William Neden, for the Ministry, then suggested that, in place of the all-round advances, ranging from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* a week, which the A.S.L.E.F. had claimed, drivers should receive 4*s.* a week, and firemen 1*s.*—with no advance for cleaners.

This offer was not rejected by the A.S.L.E.F., whose General Secretary conceded that "it would have meant a substantial advance"; but the N.U.R. leaders at once intimated that an increase on these lines for footplatemen would necessitate a review of the wages of other grades, and the Transport Commission announced that Sir William's efforts at compromise was in any case unacceptable.

Meanwhile, the numbers on strike in the docks had risen by Wednesday to 20,000; and whatever might be the views of the leaders of the N.A.S.D., the rank-and-file of the "blue card" union in northern ports were showing no inclination to give up the struggle, though the T.U.C. General Council was unresponsive to the Stevedores' peace-feeler. The N.A.S.D. was told again to "return" the recruits it had "poached."

The Rest of the News

The Soviet Government has now officially accepted the invitation for Four-Power talks "at the summit," and Mr. Molotov will meet the three Western Foreign Ministers at San Francisco in the middle of this month to settle the details of time and place. So far, so good. But, to judge from President Eisenhower's remarks at his press conference on Tuesday, the agenda will be harder to agree.

The President believes that the talks should be "a testing of atmosphere," that the Heads of State should not seek to settle any of the outstanding problems, but should hand over specific negotiations to their deputies as quickly as possible. Washington, in fact, is still reluctant to talk and is suspicious of Soviet intentions. It is particularly worried lest the meeting be used by the Russians to make a high bid on Germany, offering sweeping concessions in return for German neutrality—a bid which the West is uncertain how to match.

At this stage, the Russians—and the Chinese—may reasonably ask what further proof of good intentions they are expected to give in advance. The Soviet Government has signed an Austrian Treaty; it has gone a long way to meet the Western view on disarmament; and the Chinese have not merely begun the release of detained U.S. airmen but have also soft-pedalled their agitation about the off-shore islands and Formosa. The West has not indicated where it is prepared to match Communist concessions.

Last week, the U.S. Supreme Court set aside three convictions for contempt. Julius Emspak and Thomas Quinn, of the United Electrical Workers, and Philip Bart, manager of the *Daily Worker*, secured reversals on appeal. The two U.E. officials had based their refusal to answer questions on the First as well as the Fifth Amendment—in two important cases still pending, Corliss Lamont and Harvey O'Connor have claimed protection under the First Amendment alone—but the Court granted the appeals without pronouncing on the First Amendment defence. Emspak had claimed that the Un-American Activities Committee was itself unconstitutional under the First Amendment. The decisions show the Court taking a firmer and more liberal stand on civil liberties.

In another case, heard in a Washington court last Friday, Professor Otto Nathan scored an important victory over the State Department's passport division. For two years, Mr. Nathan has been denied a passport, despite his denial on oath of past or present membership of the Communist Party. On March 15, a Federal court ordered the State Department to hold a prompt hearing on the case. It has failed to do so, and Judge Schweinhaut has now ordered it to issue a passport without further delay. Its previous refusal was unjustified, and became scandalous when Mr. Nathan was named executor of Albert Einstein's Will and sought permission to go abroad to discuss the disposition of the Einstein papers with scientists attending the Relativity Theory Conference at Berne in July. Now that a Federal Court has clearly established jurisdiction in passport cases, the State Department may have increasing difficulty in withholding passports at the whim of McCarthyite officials.

In the Victoria State elections last Saturday, the rebel Catholic Action group was annihilated. Though its intervention split Labour votes sufficiently to bring down Mr. Cain's Labour Government, this temporary setback for the Australian Labour Party has been more than offset by the collapse of the anti-Evatt opposition. Dr. Evatt and his supporters are now firmly in control, and the Right-wing Catholic breakaway is doomed to futility. At least until the next election, Dr. Evatt is now secure against factional challenges, especially since the party's deputy leader, Mr. Calwell, has lost ground by his attempt to please both the party majority and the rebels. Dr. Evatt's real crisis will come if he leads his party into the Federal elections with a radical policy and is then defeated.

From Our Correspondents Abroad

Paris

Alternatives in Algeria

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Within the last few days, the Government has finally abandoned its attempt to minimise the gravity of the situation in Algeria. Indeed, it is no longer possible to keep up the pretence: the dispatch of a full division from France's Nato contingent and the call-up of reservists in the three Algerian departments testify that a full-scale campaign is under way and that the so-called "terrorists" are now organised in regular military formations under a central command. Added to this, last week's murder, near Biskra, of two senior French officials, who had evidently been deserted—or even betrayed—by their escort of 20 Arab *goumiers*, is a sign of the way things are going. If French-trained regular troops are unreliable, it is clear that the authorities can expect nothing but hostility from the hundreds of thousands of Arab villagers in the affected areas. Evidence that the Government is seriously concerned on this score was provided by the announcement, last week, that big staff increases are to be made in the civil administration of the Constantine department, and that administrators who volunteer to serve in the war zone will receive rapid promotion. It is clear that the complacency of the early Spring has yielded to a frenzied search for a "new solution."

M. Faure's position is all the more difficult in that he is now under increased American pressure to "clear up the North African mess." The State Department is more and more sceptical of the dubious legal position on which French sovereignty in Algeria is founded. Mr. Dulles is said to have been most gratified by the support U.S. policy received at the Bandung Conference from such independent Moslem states as Pakistan, and he now favours the rapid liquidation of the remaining colonialist regimes in the Arab world. His ruminations were recently passed on to M. Faure by the American Embassy, and they probably account, in part, for M. Faure's haste in concluding the Franco-Tunisian conventions, and his announcement that they will be submitted to the Assembly as soon as it reconvenes after the Senatorial elections.

A solution in Algeria, however, is quite another matter. The middle-of-the-road policy of M. Soustelle—minor political reforms, of which the most important were the relatively honest can-

tonal elections—has clearly proved inadequate; indeed, the only step which could conceivably bring about a real *détente* would be the dissolution of the corrupt Algerian Assembly, and not a single member of the Cabinet is prepared, as yet, to consider such a politically explosive project. Alternatively, there is the appointment of a "strong man." This idea has already been discussed in the Cabinet, and M. Faure is believed to be considering the appointment of Marshal Juin to a unified command of the three North African terriories, with the rank of High Commissioner. Such a move would undoubtedly molify the *colons*, strengthen the Government's parliamentary position, and might even enable the present "reformist" policy to be pursued more effectively. Juin, however, is a dogmatic and unpredictable man, loath to accept the directives of politicians. His appointment would be a gamble, and it would, in any case, remove the last chance of a solution to the Moroccan dynastic problem which, to use his own words, "does not exist." A third alternative is the expansion of the present inter-ministerial committee on North Africa, of which Juin is a consultant member, into a "war" committee with special powers; this would be more acceptable to the Cabinet as a whole.

Malaya

The Students' "Victory"

Our Singapore Correspondent writes: It often happens that politically-minded students lead the way, as they did in Burma; or force the pace, as they did in Egypt; but in Singapore the students are confusing the issues, and frightening a lot of people. There are four thousand Chinese students in Singapore, aged from thirteen to twenty-two (the Japanese occupation delayed schooling for some), and they exert a continuous pressure upon political and industrial affairs in Singapore.

In the Assembly, the newly-elected Labour Front Government openly accused them of instigating the recent riots. Mr. Marshall, the Chief Minister, ordered the three big schools to expel the ringleaders—names to be supplied by the police—or be closed down for good. Immediately the students replied by staging a stay-in strike. Organised on the lines of a disciplined army, they turned their schools into forts of passive resistance: unarmed guards were posted, committees set up, senior students appointed as teachers. Food and changes of clothing were brought by parents; reporters were taken round by "liaison officers," photographers were chased away. The boys and girls had the time of their lives: they played, danced, sang, made speeches—and demanded that the Government unconditionally withdraw its expulsion order . . . or else.

Realising that the order, as framed, was a blunder, the Government hurriedly appointed an all-party committee to go into the matter. This committee included Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, leader of the People's Action Party, who is also the students' legal adviser. Within a few hours, the committee advised the Government to give in. With indecent haste the Government accepted the advice. The students lost no time in celebrating their "victory," as they called it, with dances and speeches. The teachers came back.

By his surrender the Chief Minister did more than postpone drastic action; he strengthened the students' resolve and confidence. They feel now there is nothing they cannot do. People now ask, almost in frightened whispers, what will the students do next? More important is to know what Mr. Marshall will do in this event. Fortunately for him, Mr. Marshall will have the whole of June to think about this, for on June 10 the schools go on vacation. Clearly something must be done. Probably smaller schools might be the answer—on an average there are fifteen hundred boys and girls in each school—but the basic problem concerns the sort of schooling they should have. Are they to be taught to be good Malayans, or good Chinese? This is one of several questions the all-party committee must answer. Over the Causeway, the Malays and the Indians in the Federation will watch developments with interest. In July the Federation chooses its first mainly elected government, and 84 per cent. of the voters will be Malays.

Khartoum

Independence—Not Union

A Middle East Correspondent writes: "I consider that my party's proposals for complete independence of the Sudan, with a light link with Egypt which in no way prejudices our full sovereignty, satisfies the majority of Sudan opinion." This was how Ismail El Azhary, Sudan's first Prime Minister and leader of the National Union Party, recently described to me his party's policy. The statement illustrates the remarkable change of attitude among the Sudanese since the present Government took office early last year. Then the N.U.P., and its parliamentary party which forms the Government, stood firmly for union with Egypt. Today all Sudanese political parties, and practically every Sudanese one meets, supports full independence. At the beginning of 1956 the Sudan will reach the state of self-determination when the country will decide the question of independence or union. But the answer is already a foregone conclusion.

The withdrawal of the British, under the terms of the 1953 Anglo-Egyptian Agreement on the Sudan, and the "Sudanisation" of their posts were major reasons for this change of feeling. Two years ago there were over 1,100 British employees in the Sudan Government. There are now barely three hundred and the process of Sudanisation should be completed by the end of June. Already there are no longer any British in the Sudan Defence Force or in the police. The process of Sudanisation has in fact gone ahead much more quickly than most people expected and now feeling for union has been replaced by a strong nationalist desire for full independence. Wisely, the Government has adapted its policy to fall into line with this growth of nationalism. The case for union has been further weakened by the attitude of the Egyptian press and radio in discrediting the achievements of the Sudan Government and attacking leading politicians not only of the independence but also of the unionist parties. Failure to reach agreement on a much needed new share-out of the Nile waters, to replace the outdated Nile Waters Agreement of 1929, has made for further coolness in the relations between the two countries. At present the Sudan is allowed approximately four milliards of Nile water annually for irrigation, while Egypt takes about forty-eight milliards. Both countries now need more water for developing their agriculture. This water is available, if flood control and storage schemes are undertaken. But these schemes cannot be implemented until Egypt and the Sudan agree on a new share-out.

The problems facing the Sudan today, after the withdrawal of so many experienced administrators, are formidable. Not the least of these is the problem of the South, where more than a quarter of the Sudan's nine million population live. Unlike the Northern Sudanese, they do not speak Arabic, are not Moslems and have no ties with Arab civilisation or culture. They are central Africans who have an inbred suspicion of the North dating back to the slave raiding days, which are still within living memory. The Southerners want to manage their own affairs, in the same way as the Northern Sudanese, and the replacement of British District Officers and Governors by the almost equally foreign Northern Sudanese has inevitably caused disappointment and frustration. But though the pessimists predicted a breakdown in Southern administration with a return to tribal wars and anarchy, conditions so far have remained relatively peaceful. Whether or not these two very different halves of the country can be successfully integrated, depends on firm but tactful handling by the central Government and the rapid training of Southern Sudanese to administer their own affairs.

Santiago

New Popular Front?

A Chilean Correspondent writes: Fifteen years after the dissolution of the South American Popular Front, a move is being made in Chile to re-create it. A new organisation, the Frente Nacional del Pueblo has been formed, and includes practically all the parties of the Left, from Communists and Socialists to Radicals and Christian-Socialists. Ostensibly, this organisation has sprung up in opposition to the Ibañez administration; in fact, it is the first coherent attempt by the Left to oppose both the Right and Peronism.

To the outside observer, Peron represents interests usually associated with the Army and the landed oligarchy; but he draws his support basically from workers and peasants. The rise of Peron on a reformist, anti-imperialist platform caused a deep division among South American Socialists. Some thought that Peron could be "used" to destroy the power of the landowners, the military and the Church, and could then be replaced by a genuinely Socialist government. For others, Peron represented the only force in South America capable of withstanding the incursions of U.S. imperialism.

In 1952, General Ibañez was elected President of Chile on a platform which included economic and political union between Chile and Argentina, the nationalisation of the copper mines, the passing of an agrarian reform law, the opening of trade with the U.S.S.R. and the repeal of the repressive "special law" for the Defence of Democracy. Today, Ibañez has not fulfilled a single one of these promises: the country is in the grip of a mad inflation; industrial strife is mounting in the U.S.-owned copper mines, while crude attempts by Argentine and Chilean Peronists to bring about the "union" have created a tense situation between the two countries. Moreover, from being the most outspoken critic of the U.S. policy in South America, Peron has now become the protégé of U.S. business interests. A new automobile factory is to be built near Buenos Aires with capital supplied by the Kaiser Corporation, through a new company whose president will be General Ridgway. The Standard Oil Co. has announced that Peron has given it an acceptably liberal concession.

This *volte face* by Peron has caused great embarrassment amongst his followers abroad, especially in Chile, where the Agrarian-Labour Party and the pro-Peron Socialists have always tried to portray the Argentine leader as a genuine anti-imperialist and a true Socialist. Now the Left in Chile is at last trying to patch up its quarrels and end the internal divisions which have so weakened the Left since the dissolution of the old Popular Front in 1941.

The Lesson for the Labour Party

THE first reactions to electoral defeat are all-important. It can stimulate the survival instinct of a political party, as it did in the case of the Tories exactly ten years ago. But it is also possible that the Labour Party's morale and unity will be still further undermined by last Thursday's election result. In that case it could imitate the Liberal Party in the 1920s and slowly stifle itself in personal rivalries. What happens inside the Labour Movement in the next few weeks will decide whether or not democratic Socialism has a future in Britain.

Let us start by stating the unpalatable truth. The electorate has registered a quiet but unambiguous vote of "no confidence" in Labour as an alternative Government. If the extent of the defeat were measured merely by the very modest increase in the Tory parliamentary majority, this could be passed off as a minor reverse. But to do this is to deceive ourselves. The truth is that, after 3½ years of Conservative administration, the nation felt comfortably satisfied and in no mood for a change. Even more significant is the fact that at no time during the campaign did the Labour Party present any serious challenge to the Government. Indeed, the relatively small increase in the number of Tory seats conceals the full extent of their success. On a sharply reduced total poll, the Labour vote slumped by 1½ million; and with more luck in a number of marginal constituencies, the Conservatives might have achieved a landslide. That is the full measure of Labour's defeat. How will the Party leaders deal with it?

Already we can hear one or two shrill small recriminatory voices seeking, by very selective statistics, to show that, since "Bevanite" candidates lost more votes than the "loyalists," the party will be better without them. Such arguments are both unfounded in fact and perverse in intention. If such loyalists as Geoffrey de Freitas and James Johnson won heroic victories at Lincoln and Rugby, they did no better than Ian Mikardo at Reading and Harold Davies at Leek. If Left-wing Coventry polled very badly, Right-wing Middlesbrough fared not much better. There are only two general conclusions which can be drawn from this curiously chaotic campaign. The first is that the "cube law," beloved of psephological statisticians, is no law; the second, that a large number of local Labour Parties, in what were well known to be marginal constituencies, delivered the Socialist vote, whatever the political flavour of the candidate they had selected. These Labour Parties, triumphed because they had begun to fight the election long before the campaign started, whereas, in safer areas, the party organisation had far too often been disintegrated by a dangerous combination of complacency and internal bickering. Even in County Durham, a citadel of orthodoxy, there was Labour abstention which can hardly be attributed to Mr. Bevan.

In view of these facts, it must surely be clear to any objective observer that what damaged the Socialist cause last Thursday was not the policies associated with Mr. Bevan, but the years of personal feuding at the highest level which distracted Socialist supporters from their real job of fighting the Tories, and suggested to the floating voters that Labour was in no state to form a Government. If the view prevails that the position can be restored by reviving last February's attempt to purge the party of Bevanism, then we must predict that Labour will face the next election in as poor heart and as ill prepared as it faced the last one.

What is needed now is an admission by adherents of each and of neither faction that, in order to revive the party, the root causes of factionalism must be removed. The first of these causes, we believe, has been the failure of the Parliamentary Labour Party, ever since 1951, to stand for a clearly distinguishable policy, and the equal failure of the Bevanites to fill this gap. Considering the haste with which it was thrown together, *Forward With Labour* was a perfectly serviceable election policy, acceptable to both wings: given the will to carry it out, it would have provided a full five-year programme for the next stage of Socialism. If it had been published two years ago, and preached both on the floor of the Commons and in the country on Labour platforms, the Socialist leadership would have entered this election in a less fumbling and hesitant mood.

The first step towards recovery, therefore, lies with the Parliamentary Party. As soon as the Commons reassemble, the newly elected Shadow Cabinet should make it clear that *Forward With Labour* remains the basis on which the Opposition case will be built. Certainly a lot of rethinking of Socialism is necessary. But this should not be hurried. If the parliamentary Opposition immediately starts arguing about its own policy, instead of fighting the Tories, it will once again degenerate into an ineffective debating society. Far better to accept the policy on which the election should have been, but was not, fought, and to use it as the strategic framework within which the tactics of the parliamentary battle can be worked out. Once this respite from factionalism has been gained, there will be plenty of time gradually to improve and strengthen *Forward With Labour* by successive annual conferences.

If only this broad agreement could be reached on policy issues, it would be possible at once to tackle the problem of ageing leadership. Inevitably, after such a defeat, there has already come a demand for Mr. Attlee's retirement. This demand will be backed by those trade union leaders and Right-wing politicians who have not forgiven the leader of the Opposition for the role he played in frustrating the Bevanite purge last March. Mr. Attlee himself would be the last to deny he is unlikely to re-enter No. 10 if this Parliament runs anything like its full term. But the idea that the disease which afflicts the Labour Party will be cured by swapping Mr. Attlee for Mr. Morrison while retaining Mr. Whiteley as Chief Whip, and keeping Mr. Ede, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Shinwell, and Mr. Noel Baker (all 65 or over) in the Shadow Cabinet is absurd. It is well known that Mr. Attlee wished to retire after the 1951 election, and only stayed on because he saw no successor acceptable to both wings of the party. His leadership remains as essential today, as it ever has been. The primary need is for a far younger Shadow Cabinet, and that can best be achieved, not by the invidious process of secret ballot, but by a self-denying ordnance on the part of the elderly not to stand for the Shadow Cabinet when the Parliamentary Party meets to elect it.

Finally, the long neglected overhaul of the Labour Party machine, both at Transport House and in the constituencies, must be tackled. It is silly to suggest that Labour could ever match the highly professional, highly paid organisation —complete with elaborate card indices of postal voters, £1,250 a year agents, and a superb public relations department—which Lord Woolton has built in the last ten years. Even if Labour could afford it, this kind of streamlined business organisation for delivering the vote would anyway be unsuitable to a party which preaches Socialism and relies on voluntary service. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Transport House could spend its limited financial resources to better effect than it does. Without adequate salaries, for instance, which must be centrally financed, the quality as well as the quantity of Labour Party agents is bound to decrease, and this deterioration is by no means compensated either by the expensive regional organisation which has been built since the war, or by a League of Youth which has manifestly failed to mobilise young people for the cause of Socialism. It is always tempting for politicians to explain their political defeats as failures of organisation. But while it is fact that Labour lost this election primarily because its leaders did not look like an alternative Government, it also remains true that a more effective machine would have rallied many local parties, disheartened by the failure of the national leadership.

Our prescription, therefore, for curing the ills of the Labour Party is threefold. First, the Parliamentary Party should accept *Forward With Labour* as its agreed policy, and at once begin to win the next election by a sustained offensive against the Government. Secondly, the ageing leadership must be renovated. Mr. Attlee should remain as chairman of the party for the sole purpose of building up a new team of younger men. Thirdly, Mr. Morgan Phillips should be persuaded to agree to the long overdue overhaul of the organisation under his control. Provided that the parliamentary leaders and the National Executive Committee put a stop to personal recriminations and join together at once to tackle these three tasks, they should be able to present a business-like interim report to the Annual Conference next September, and send the delegates back to the constituencies in fighting mood. In that case, the defeat in this General Election and the period of Tory Government is has produced, can be used to reinvigorate the Labour Party, and prepare for the next stage of Socialism.

NEXT WEEK

Elizabeth and Cecil

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Profile of Danny Kaye

with Caricature by VICKY

The Next Five Year Plan in India

INDIA has disappointed the prophets; it refused to break into pieces when the British went; did not go bankrupt through inefficiency; was neither strangled by corruption nor torn asunder by communal strife. The United Nations Mission which recently referred to the "revitalising" effect of independence upon the Indian people was only giving official confirmation to what is common observation. Nor will anyone dispute that great economic and social progress has resulted from India's first Five Year Plan.

This Plan was by modern standards a modest, indeed an over-modest, affair. The total investment it envisaged was roughly £2,000m., or between 5 and 6 per cent. of the national income. Of this, rather more than two-thirds was to go to agriculture, irrigation, power and transport. In these, and in many of the industrial projects, the targets have been reached and some even surpassed. Industrial output rose by 37 per cent. in three years. Even more important, agricultural production increased by about 15 per cent.—though much of this increase must be explained by two exceptionally good monsoons. The threat of a continued decline in real output and income per head, which has haunted all the underdeveloped areas of the world during the past 40 years, seems, at any rate for the time being, to have been averted. Unhappily, of course, nothing serious has yet been done to solve the long-distance problem of ever-increasing population, and, despite real improvement in production, unemployment has also increased.

To a non-economist like myself concrete samples of progress are often more convincing than official statistics. There, for all to see, are the new steel plants, the irrigation works and the great fertiliser plant at Scindi which, for many months, the Indian opposition press declared had been sabotaged by inefficiency and corruption. The fact that these projects are actually working gives people confidence that India has somehow or other economically turned the corner. They are even beginning to say the same thing about the land. True, progress has been slow in comparison with the land revolution in China. But even that comparison is not certainly to India's disadvantage. I am not yet sure whether the suddenly accelerated drive towards co-operative farming in China may not produce some of the frictions and problems that nearly destroyed Soviet Russia and that Mao Tse-tung has, until 1955, so carefully avoided. In India the landlord still haunts the landscape, though theoretically he should have disappeared. An upper limit is now set for holdings, and a start has been made in consolidating the countless strips into which the land has been divided by the traditional laws of inheritance. So far, however, the zamindari have been able to maintain constant pressure and litigation for the compensation that they think due to them. Fortunately the recent constitutional amendment gives the Central Government much more power to override the obstruction of property owners, while the spectacular revival of village life produced by the Community Projects makes one hope that a release has been found from what seemed the eternal and unchanging misery of village poverty in India.

It is difficult to give a balanced picture of progress in the Indian countryside. In backward areas, for instance, the bulk of the Untouchables still live in a squalid isolation that baffles description. And yet many Harijans are being educated and being given jobs in the towns. As for Community Projects, they vary in vitality and achievement with the personality of the supervising officials, and with their success in evoking local enthusiasm and village leadership. The Projects started with United States aid, and India was lucky enough to find in S. K. Dey an organiser whose enthusiasm has been fanatical enough to cut through apparently impassable barriers of apathy and red tape. From the first experiments in which refugees from the Punjab terror of 1947 were induced to turn their camps into centres of rural industry and later to join up in a common effort with neighbouring villages, there have developed, over a large part of India, projects in each of which about a hundred villages form more or less coherent social and economic units. On paper, at least, a fifth of all the villages of India are now part of Community Projects; it is hoped that all the 560,000 villages of India will be included by 1960.

It is too soon to speak with certainty about the economic achievements of the Community Projects, but their immediate impact on the life and health of the village is in itself extraordinary and inspiring. A Community Project means that surfaced roads, instead of mud tracks, impassable in wet weather, must be made to connect the villages with each other and with the main roads. It means that the dung, for lack of which the soil of India every year grows more impoverished, is not now all used for fuel or allowed to be trodden into the village; it is now neatly stored outside. Indeed, the impression left on me of the outstanding difference between an unconverted village and one that had become part of a Community Project, is not so much that its stock or crops are superior or its huts better built—though these are also true—but that on approaching it, one is confronted first by great heaps of manure outside, while in the village itself paths are comparatively clean and its wells protected from contamination.

The Community Projects are the most effective symbol of the new India. Probably they have greater psychological value than some other forms of reconstruction which are statistically more impressive. They are the Indian alternative to the virtually compulsory co-operation of the Communist world. The question is how far democratic planning can also be applied to industry. The second Five Year Plan is a conscious effort to rival China's industrial and agrarian revolution without the drastic controls, indoctrination and coercion which Communism involves.

Of the various planning groups that have been at work on the second Five Year Plan, it is no longer a secret that the most influential is the body of experts who have been working under Professor Mahalinobis. This expert committee, whose basic plan has now been accepted by Mr. Nehru's Planning Commission, first produced a national scheme which was regarded by every critic as impossibly ambitious. Last week, after months of discussion and argument, the Minister of Planning, Mr. Nanda, was able to broadcast an announcement that under the next Five Year Plan, it is proposed to raise the national income by as much as 25 per cent.; that this would involve increasing the rate of investment from the present figure of 7 per cent. of the national income to about 11 per cent.; that emphasis would be laid particularly on the development of heavy industry, while at the same time efforts would be made to increase the production of consumer goods, as far as possible through cottage and small-scale industries. This huge-scale industrial development is to be accompanied by a drive to speed up agrarian reform and redistribution of peasant holdings, with an accompanying programme of better housing and health services.

The technical details of these proposals will be discussed all over the world when they are published in the near future. They will rightly be regarded as a vital part of the answer whether it is possible by democratic methods speedily to make a modern industrialised country out of a vast impoverished Asian nation, whose basic resources are still largely undeveloped, and whose people have never before been given the Western faith that poverty and disease and ignorance are evils that they themselves can tackle.

The programme must be read in the context of the All India Congress meeting in Madras at the beginning of this year. There, Congress spokesmen declared their intention to develop India according to "a Socialist pattern." What does the phrase mean? Socialism perhaps of a kind that would not annoy the big business people who support Congress? That, and many similar jibes, can be made. The test of sincerity is to be found in the next Five Year Plan which does not aim at destroying private industry, but which throws on the State the burden of new development and public investment.

I am no economic expert and must confine myself to two observations. The first is that it is bold for any country which maintains a democratic structure to embark on a plan which involves so high a proportion of saving. Communist countries, which have converted so large a percentage of the nation's earnings into capital expenditure, have done so at the cost of much coercion and expropriation. India is now proposing a drastic mobilisation of its national economic resources. It will involve controls over imports and even over internal distribution, and higher taxation especially on luxury expenditure. It also demands less academic and more technical education. India suffers from a Brahminical—or Oxford—approach to learning; the new creative, technical State compels the mass training of technicians. Even so, my economist friends tell me that in order to be successful India will need large-scale financial aid from foreign countries. Certainly she will not accept such aid unless it is freely offered and on terms that preclude all political strings. Such foreign help, however, is the only practical alternative to impossibly ruthless planning and austerity. The economists calculate that something like $600 million of foreign aid would be required annually for a period of ten years if India is to maintain this degree of public investment. This level of help contrasts with the $100 million contributed by the United Kingdom under the Colombo Plan and the (about) $150 million granted by the United States.

My second comment is, inevitably, political. For the time being India resembles China in having in effect a single-party government. Congress is as secure from opposition as the Communist Party in China. The Socialists have thrown away their opportunities. Jayprakash Narayan, one of the most worthy of Gandhi's disciples, now devotes himself to the land distribution campaign of Vinoba Bhave, whilst the other Socialist leaders seem to spend their time in self-criticism, varied by virulent abuse of Nehru. The Communist Party, as badly led in India as it was brilliantly led in China, is now the only seriously organised opposition. It is only strong amongst educated Bengalis, in Travancore-Cochin and in Andhra, where in the election last February it won fifteen seats out of 196 and a vote of 2.6 millions out of a total of 11 millions. If there is widespread fear of the growth of Communism in India, that is not because it has

in fact already achieved great political importance, but because it is clear that only Nehru's immense popularity and prestige prevents millions of the poor leaving Congress and accepting whatever more radical leadership is offered.

So great is Mr. Nehru's prestige and authority today that any plan he accepts will indubitably become Government policy. It may be criticised in the Cabinet as well as by economists and journalists outside it. But if Mr. Nehru presses it, no one will seriously oppose. The danger is that it will be accepted by people who do not believe in it. The able men who have evolved the new Plan will seem to have their way with the enthusiastic backing of the Prime Minister. But few, if any, of Mr. Nehru's most important colleagues are Socialists and Congress leaders talk about a "Socialist pattern" rather to court electoral support than from conviction. So much is at stake in this matter that opposition politicians who see their future in gaining a reputation by abusing the Premier; civil servants who play for safety by automatically obeying orders and no more; and Congress colleagues who regard Nehru as dangerously unsound and hope to maintain the ancient structure of Indian life—all of these should shelve their prejudices and unite to make this plan work. The bill to pay in prosperity and freedom if it is permitted to fail will indeed be heavy.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

AS GUIDES to trends of public opinion, the electoral polls in the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Express* were both remarkably accurate. If you lost money on a bet it was not because the polls were wrong about the movement of public opinion but because you took notice of the academicians' cube law, and thought that you could correlate the "swing" with the size of the parliamentary majority. In short, the general result of watching the polls and listening to the prophets and professors may well have been much the same as if you decided what to do on a Bank Holiday after listening to the B.B.C. weather forecast. Complain that you got wet at Skegness, or unnecessarily wore a mackintosh at Weston-super-Mare, and you will be very properly told that in a mixed climate like ours, no one pretends to prophesy with that kind of accuracy. On this occasion, no pollster could tell you—or pretend to tell you—what would be the percentage of the poll, how many of the "don't-knows" would vote, or what their last-minute decisions would be, how things were likely to go in the redistributed constituencies, or what the weather would be like after 6.0 p.m.—a factor of great importance, for instance, in a place like Devonport, where Michael Foot's narrow loss by 100 votes was probably due to three hours of pouring rain during the time when the majority of working-class voters go to the poll. In short, for one reason or another, there was far more variety over the country than the statisticians and psephologists expected. Personally, I won £1 from the editor of *Punch*.

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Woodrow Wyatt has never shunned publicity, and I was not surprised, therefore, that he was the first of the unsuccessful Labour candidates to cash in on his defeat. Conservative Headquarters, as well as Lord Beaverbrook, must have been delighted by his sensational attack on Aneurin Bevan in the *Sunday Express*, and will be hoping that Mr. Wyatt has started off another round of the vindictive personal recriminations which have done Labour so much harm during the last two years. The odd thing is that, in his account of the election, Mr. Wyatt failed to notice the obvious fact that in the marginal constituencies the personality of the candidate counted for more than his policy, and that this enabled a number of Left-wingers and Right-wingers to win constituencies just as difficult as Grantham, where he himself was standing. It never seems to have occurred to Mr. Wyatt that he himself may be responsible for his failure. Starting as an active member of the Keep Left group, when he was working on this journal in 1947 he became one of the noisiest opponents of the Left, and has recently led the denunciation of those who wanted the Labour Party to include, in its election manifesto, a firm pledge to reduce the period of national service. When the election had begun, however, he suddenly took it upon himself to announce that a Labour Government would cut conscription to eighteen months. Mr. Wyatt might ask himself whether this kind of electioneering may not have contributed to his disappointment. But if he did so, he would not write the kind of article which Lord Beaverbrook would be eager to publish.

* * *

I have always found it difficult to believe that Jomo Kenyatta, an able, highly educated and much-travelled African nationalist, could really have been guilty of "managing Mau Mau." After reading Montagu Slater's *The Trial of Jomo Kenyatta* (Secker & Warburg, 18s.) I am even more surprised that he should have been convicted on that count. Counsel for the Prosecution said, I thought very reasonably, that Kenyatta might have painted himself as "a tough, fighting politician who had certain strong views; disliked Europeans intensely and did not care who knew it; was fighting for the rights of his own people; and, in fact, said, 'Yes, I wanted you out. . . . I do not advocate throat-cutting and arson and things like that, but I dislike anybody being in this country but the Africans, and I do not care who knows it.'" That, I should have guessed, was about the truth. If his two visits to Moscow influenced his conduct, as they probably did, then his tactics may well have been revolutionary but very improbably mixed up with this disgusting business of thorns and sheeps' eyes and sexual perversions. The evidence for "managing" Mau Mau produced at the trial did not seem to me to be worth tuppence; some of it, indeed, could have been obtained for a smaller sum. But it was the magistrate's comments that I found most disturbing. He seemed naively indignant because the Kikuyu believe they had been robbed of their land—something that seems obvious to almost all Africans because otherwise how do the British come to own land in Kenya at all?—and surprised that Kenyatta had an "obsession" about "the colour bar or alleged racial discrimination." He appeared to confuse, as if they were one and the same crime, the organised effort to throw the British out of Kenya and the murderous activities of Mau Mau which, as Sir Philip Mitchell pointed out last week, have most of them been directed not against Europeans, but against other Kikuyu. I remain of the opinion that Kenyatta was the active revolutionary leader of the Kenya African Union and that he watched with repulsion the ugly black magic of Mau Mau, but lacked the courage, and perhaps the ability, to suppress it.

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I am not surprised that the National Parks Committee, supported by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and The Friends of the Lake District, are complaining about the scheme to provide electricity for Borrowdale and Patterdale by *overhead* cable. Even if residents exaggerate the threat to the perfection of two of the most beautiful valleys in this or any country—and I'm not persuaded that they do—it remains true that before the Lake District was made into a national park, a wholly underground system of electricity was supplied to Rydal, Grasmere, and Troutbeck. It surely makes a farce of National Park legislation if, on grounds of economy, the standards of amenity which were accepted as desirable before the legislation are abandoned after it.

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Asian newspapers I have been reading have in effect promoted Yugoslavia to the status of honorary Asians. They interpret the visit of Soviet leaders to Belgrade as a victory for Tito's (and Nehru's) policy of neutralism and co-existence. Certainly the Marshal himself was greatly impressed by the realities of co-existence when he visited India and Burma last year. Now he will hear about the Bandung Conference from the Burmese and Indian Prime Ministers, who are both visiting Yugoslavia this month. Pandit Nehru will be Marshal Tito's guest on his return from a visit to the Soviet Union. U Nu, who leaves Rangoon this week on a tour which will include this country, Israel, and the United States, will make Belgrade his first stop. I am particularly interested in his proposed visit to Israel, which shares with Yugoslavia an increasing popularity in Burma. Indeed, economic development in Israel is regarded as almost a model for Burma, and Burmese visitors are deeply interested in the Communism of the kibbutzim. U Nu, who firmly opposed Israel's exclusion from the Bandung Conference, has only recently taken such an interest in the country. "For many years," he told a British visitor, "I could not understand Jewish claims to Palestine until one day I came across a book which convinces me that Palestine belong to the Jews." The book he discovered was the Bible.

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The happiest *mot* I have heard for some time is attributed to M. Pinay. The story goes that, when he recently visited Dr. Adenauer in Bonn, he noticed that the Chancellor's tall, steel-helmeted bodyguard had, like London police on night duty, rubber soles on their jack-boots. He said, "You won't even hear them coming next time."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Many people are talking about the new vigour in Mr. Hubert Ashton's speeches, though he steadily pursued his well-tried policy of declining to drag in personal issues or naming his opponents. Any venom in his utterances was strictly reserved for Mr. Bevan.—*Essex Chronicle.* (James Tomlinson.)

Mrs. Iris Bonham, elected Mayor of St. Pancras last night, has chosen her husband as mayoress. And she insists on calling him that. Said Mr. F. Powell, leader of the council: "I think most of us would have preferred the word consort."—*Daily Mail.* (M. Shearn.)

Mr. J. D. Montgomery, defending, asked the colonel: "You consider an assault by six sausages a serious matter? I should not have thought anybody was afraid of a cold sausage, especially a retired colonel."

Colonel —: "I am not afraid of my son-in-law or six cold sausages, but it was in fact seven cold sausages.—*Daily Mirror.* (E. Selby.)

The Vanquished Christian on the Poll

(After Pope)

Can the verdict of the poll
Daunt a dedicated soul?
I am buoyed by hope undying—
My crusade was well worth trying.
Though Gravesend a Tory gains,
Moral victory remains!

Though the call to ban the bomb
Led to Party martyrdom,
Yet do I with conscience free,
Choose a Protestant to be,
Striving still for conscience' sake
Voters' moral sense to wake.

Though my sermon has been spurned
And another was returned,
By electoral defeat
I have merely lost a seat.
Exile from my old back bench
Never shall my ardour quench!

Though voters have no sense of sin
Yet common sense at last must win,
And to this hope I cling.
They'll ban the H-bomb by and by!
Where, Gravesend, is thy victory,
And where, defeat, thy sting?

SAGITTARIUS

The New Poor and the Poor Law

(By a Correspondent)

I AM one of the professional class. My father, who died in 1953, aged 85, was a well-known member of the Bar: naturally at that age he had no practice and he had, for some years, come to the end of the small savings that a professional man, in these days, can contrive to amass. My mother, aged 84, is still alive. It has been my job to steer them into such harbour as can be found nowadays within "Assistance"; and it is of the good and the bad that we have met in this task that I want to tell.

I started from scratch. One afternoon, out of the blue, my father, then 81, told me, in tears, that he had not got enough money to pay the quarter's rent for his flat. My mother was just recovering from a severe illness and there were bills to pay. The family was not in a position to help. I was absolutely stumped and had not the least idea what one did in such circumstances. However, things gradually sorted themselves out in my mind. A series of frantic telephone calls to all likely sources produced the address of the Old People's Homes Committee, in Vauxhall Bridge Road, where I found friendship, common sense, efficiency and kindness which have never wavered. Meanwhile, a life insurance was discovered which, surrendered, produced about £700. So, for the moment, we drew breath and deposited the parents in a rather strange establishment run by a cheerful and raffish ex-Service type, and rightly described by him as "Liberty Hall." It was a bit grubby but infinitely kind, and the young man's tolerance was remarkable. He told me with pride one morning, as we, baker and milkman and all, drank our customary "char" in the kitchen, "The old fellow's really in wonderful form this morning, going the rounds, shouting that he's going to sue me for watering the milk." This charitable view of my father's tantrums certainly impressed me as unusual, to say the least of it; and all for three guineas a week each! However, £700 soon dwindles away, particularly when an old gentleman insists on going daily to the Temple; and with many incidental expenses and, despite the kindly and inconspicuous help that his brother barristers gave him, it soon became clear that National Assistance was imminent.

At this point we had a real stroke of luck. I had, months before, got them on to the waiting list of the W.V.S. and, just as we needed it most, the cards turned up. To my immense relief, we got the parents installed in charming quarters, with their own bits and pieces around them. We were also lucky with our local National Assistance Officer, who in his unofficial capacity has become a dear friend of the whole family. The shadow, rather bigger than a man's hand, which fell over our lives was a little clause in the terms on which my parents were accepted in the Home, that they might stay there "as long as they were able-bodied." This shadow was to grow until it really overshadowed our lives.

Presently the W.V.S. gave up the Home to another, more impersonal, voluntary organisation. The shadow of "not able bodied" began to fall on some of the older residents till they became nervously ill; and then, of course, they disappeared. Where? That was always rather mysterious; but one could not help being reminded of the concentration camp as one watched the pitiful efforts of some of the oldest to get down to breakfast in time or to walk across slippery floors a little faster. I have compared notes with many people who have relatives in these so-called "active" homes and it is the same everywhere. As soon as the old people become at all infirm, out they must go; and "infirm," in fact, means when they need any help at all with the mechanics of life.

When my father died and his affairs had been settled, there was pitifully little left. Then suddenly, a few months ago, I was told that my mother was getting too much attention, that others would expect the same and that I must find another home for her or the L.C.C. would be asked to take her away to other accommodation." This, in her case, meant Luxborough Lodge, in the Marylebone Road, or, possibly, one of the other "large" homes—all of them one-time workhouses. I need not tell anyone who knows them that to send an old lady of 84, who has lived in a different world, to one of these grim institutions would be to pass sentence of death by shame and heartbreak. This is also the view of the officials who frequently have no other refuge to offer. Let me say at once that I cannot speak too highly of the humanity and decency of the L.C.C. They are splendid people to deal with.

Why, then, Luxborough Lodge? The answer to this is contained in the terms on which voluntary organisations receive help from local authorities. The fact that the L.C.C. contributed to my mother's keep meant that the Home was classified as "Part 3 Accommodation." People living in Part 3 Homes are deemed to be in the care of the local authority, which is responsible for finding them somewhere to live. Since, when they pass from the care of the voluntary organisation, for whatever reason, there is a desperate shortage of beds, particularly for the class who are a bit "tottery," it is nearly certain their immediate destination will be Luxborough Lodge or similar. It is more than likely that a place in one of the smaller homes will be available in a month or two: meanwhile, who is going to be able to explain to a bewildered old lady that the surroundings in which she suddenly finds herself are only those of a transit camp?

This is where we come up against the first big snag in the present Poor Law. Acting on everybody's advice and with the help of the ever-knowledgeable Old People's Homes Committee, I succeeded, at last, in finding the impossible—a private Home in another district, where my mother could find care and kindness in a shared room for 4 guineas a week. Now to find the money. I spoke to my local N.A.B. and they told me to get in touch with the new office. I was at once told that *no* National Assistance could be given, as I was "taking her out of Part 3 Accommodation and was therefore responsible for her." To this, I bawled down the telephone (the line to this N.A.B. being apparently always inaudible) that I was not taking her out but that she was being slung out. After a good deal of hushed whispering, another voice took over and we reached a nightmare sort of impasse, where the voice kept on saying that the L.C.C. must find her accommodation, and I kept on replying that they had not got any at the moment that was suitable. Eventually things got moving: I reached a higher official, who told me his difficulty—the "Part 3 problem"—and asked me to "put it all in a letter," when it could be sent to the Regional Office, as an exceptional case for the "Hostel Allowance." This is somewhere in the region of £2 10s a week. The rest has to be raised from private charity. Four pages of solid typing, hours of telephoning and still the risk that the precious vacancy may be missed. For you must not move a Part 3 resident until the N.A.B. have given their ruling: you must not even make a firm arrangement about her: if you do, you forfeit your right to assistance.

Now this is nonsense. If a human being is kept at the public expense, it costs a good deal more than £2 10s a week to do so. If the public has once accepted the care of a human being, it cannot matter to the community, in the long run, whether the cost falls on the local authority or the Exchequer. Further, since in the present state of welfare there are hopelessly too few homes for the infirm aged, it is ridiculous to penalise the unfortunate dwellers in Part 3 Accommodation, who pass beyond the able-bodied stage, by putting them in a worse position, *vis-à-vis* the N.A.B., when their relatives with extreme difficulty find them private beds; and thereby, in fact, save the public money. I am not suggesting that exceptional cases are not dealt with: they are dealt with kindly and fairly and I have, as it happens, won my point and obtained the maximum hostel allowance. I am suggesting, however, that, unless a case has a fairly experienced and very persistent advocate behind it, it may never get past the initial discouragements.

I want, from my experience, to make two suggestions. First, that the whole financial responsibility for the aged should be centralised. This would prevent the neat row of stools between which one is all too likely to fall in the present set-up. It would also prevent the buck-passing which is, understandably enough, the pastime of all departments. Public funds have been supporting my mother to the tune of something like £3 6s a week. Why, because it comes out of another pocket, make it difficult to get help at £2 10s a week except as an act of considerable grace? Under one authority this would not arise. And it is simply no answer to say, as is said, that private people must not make a profit out of public funds because, in the first place, no one is going to get fat out of £4 per week (less than the cost to the public in an institution) and, further, these private homes are all registered and subject to inspection and no grant would be made at all if they were being improperly run.

Secondly, much more pressure ought to be brought upon all "active" homes to keep their old people longer. Many officials have told me, off the record, that the plight of these old people, turned out as soon as they need the slightest help and long before they can be described as chronically ill, constitutes their worst headache. There is *no* place for them; yet, with a little skilled care, there is no reason why they should not continue in the ordinary homes much longer than they do. Why should not reasonable nursing facilities be available for the ordinary "off-days" of old age; for that little extra help with hair washing, bathing, mattress-turning and the filling of hot-water bottles—all the things which get them turned out of active homes so easily? Of course, overworked wardens and staff cannot deal with it; but why not provide a nurse who can? The cost would be infinitesimal compared with the cost of hospitalisation or the even greater cost of providing the expensive new nursing-homes, which ought, in any case, to be reserved for the really chronically sick. I think the voluntary organisations are the worst offenders in this respect; and it would be quite a saving of public money if the local authority made it a condition of grant that ordinary nursing should be done on the premises, even if the local authority provided the nurse. And, incidentally, why not utilise the services of old, retired nurses? There are plenty of them who are not up to the demands of full-time nursing but who could well keep the ball rolling in this way.

If we once admit that the care of the old is a matter for public concern, it is surely fundamental psychology to ensure that feeling of security which is the very foundation of happiness at both ends of life. Loneliness and fear of the unknown—these are the two terrors of the old; and you see and hear them in the dreadful whispered conversations between the old ladies in the home my mother has just left. "Miss So-and-So is getting very frail" (the great euphemism). "Yes, I hear she has been warned." "Are you better, dear?" "Oh *yes*. There's *nothing* wrong with me, you know. Just a little giddiness and, of course, the weather makes it so unsafe to hurry." So it goes on; and all the time, round the corner is the fear that *still* they have not reached the haven and that *still* there are unknown depths of shame to plumb. There is so much good intention to the old in the ageing world of today—so much kindness and even a reasonable amount of public funds. If to this could be added the leaven of imagination, much heartbreak and unnecessary suffering might be saved to the new poor in the difficult creation of the welfare state.

No Chicken on D-Day

Sometimes when I read the official histories about the landing in Normandy on 6 June, 1944, I am compelled to wonder if I were really there. The comment is so weighty, so encompassing and so learned, and our problems were so restricted, so personal and, I suppose, so petty. For one thing we were pretty damned annoyed about breakfast—gluey porridge, soya sausages and tea. What really rankled, I suppose, apart from the five days without vegetables or exercise in an area scarcely large enough even for a family of active fleas, was that Monty himself had assured us on embarkation day—June 1—that we would have "Navy rations." The Navy, fending rather better for itself aboard our cross-channel packet, was tucking in bacon and eggs and tinned fruit. So when I clambered on to the top of an almost-amphibious tank with the rain pelting down I was hoping that the Germans had not requisitioned all the Norman chickens. The corporal who followed me aboard our shaky craft was thinking along the same lines. "Hoy, here's your blinking typewriter," he said, throwing the instrument to me. "I got my own worries. I hope they have a couple barrels of that there cider I hear they make over there. Me, I'm constipated!"

For a couple of hours after we stumbled through the tide on to Queen Beach, a mile or so west of Ouistreham, we weren't thinking about food or drink. It was nice to stretch your legs and feel how solid land can be after a channel voyage lasting five days, but even that pleasure did not last long. I know now that the well-informed and jubilant Prime Minister was telling the House of Commons that: "Massed airborne landings have been successfully effected behind the enemy lines, and landings on the beaches are proceeding at various points at the present time. The fire of the shore batteries has been largely quelled." Largely, but not quite. On the heights, the other side of the Orne canal, one persistent Nazi 88 was determined to try and win the war single-handed. Apparently we were the most appetising target and it was—for me—a novel sensation to see the smoke and see the crater and then hear the thunder of the shell that had already landed. "Most interesting," said Captain Stevens, a scientific type. "Notice the speed of the shell relative to the speed of sound." I raised my face and wiped off the sand. "Enchanting," I agreed. "I think there's a ditch just off the beach. Let's make for it."

"Foolish boy," said Stevens. "Those Ordnance maps are never right. You'll just trip into a minefield. Most uncomfortable." Thirty yards away the earth was torn into a vast brown gash and we were bounced like ping-pong balls to the ground. Stevens flecked the dirt from his uniform. "Most interesting for those chaps," he said, indicating the heights from which the Germans were aiming on to the beach. "They are actually firing over open sights. A grand opportunity for them."

Winston Churchill was further reporting to the House: "The Anglo-American Allies are sustained by about 11,000 first-line aircraft, which can be drawn upon as may be needed for the purposes of the battle." For the moment, as far as we were concerned, the 11,000 planes were obviously occupied elsewhere, while one lone dare-devil Messerschmitt managed to get through the clouds and our anti-aircraft defences and was actually diving down on to the beach. It gave one a remote and lonely feeling, probably equalled by the feelings of the pilot in the plane. He straddled the beach with a stick of bombs and then turned like a dragon-fly and darted inland. Then, wonderful to see, a half-dozen of our planes darted from the clouds and flew after him. For a minute we watched the chase with a completely detached interest. "The fox," said Stevens, "will get away. He has a slight edge in speed."

Transport was bogged down on the single track leading off the beach, very much as it was in the Sicilian invasion which I had seen a year before. It soon became clear that the problem was not how to get enough vehicles ashore, but what to do with them once they were on the beaches as the small area the army held was soon saturated with "soft" lorries of every description. I discovered later that this was because our planning had been too pessimistic. The experts had calculated that twenty to thirty per cent. of the vehicles might be lost in the invasion. Losses were actually only a fraction of this figure.

A veteran ex-cavalry officer, disgustedly trying to move a convoy of lorries off the beach, said to me: "I'd trade the whole damned lot for a troop of horse. They'd be ten miles inland by now." When I saw him again three days later, he had somehow managed to corral a farm horse and was riding it bare-back while directing road traffic—one of the more curious sights of the war. Like Monty's famous desert order—"Top hats are not to be worn in the Eighth Army"—a Second Army directive was duly promulgated: "Officers in charge of mechanised formations will not ride bareback."

Where the grass met the beach five commandos lay sprawled in various positions. "Poor chaps, I suppose they've had it," said Stevens. "They won't be buried today." A thick Lancashire voice boomed from one of the bodies. "You're flicking well right. Shove off! We're trying to get some sleep."

"I beg your pardon," said Stevens, a little nettled.

The soldier rolled over and, in deference to Steven's pips, added: "Sorry, sur. We've been messing around here since two this morning. Now we're waiting to go back." He pointed to a shattered house at the head of the lane. "You'll find a few dead Jerries there," he said. "That blockhouse was our job."

"A barge is going back now," said Stevens. "It's just finished off-loading. Why don't you take it?"

"We're waiting for the rest of our mob," said the Commando. "They're doing the lot up at the crossroads. They ought to have it mopped up now that the tanks can get range."

There was a surprising casualness about this little corner of the battle. The soldier started to gather some sticks. "May as well have a brew-up while we're waiting." He lightly kicked another sprawled form. "Hey, Jock, give me the compo," he said. The tanks up the road were firing.

We didn't wait for tea although we were invited. I wanted to find at least one Frenchman and get his views on the great events. I found him crouched in the ditch alongside the tanks that were dealing with the crossroad snipers. He was carrying two bottles of wine joined by a length of string and draped around his neck. He steadied the bottles as the shells went off. I tried my French. "You're in a difficult position," I said, somewhat inadequately. "Couldn't you find some safer place?"

"A good question," he said. "I stayed behind to look for my pig, and then the Boches closed the road and I couldn't get through. My wife's in Bayeux and I won't see her to-night. And when she hears that I've lost that pig, *parbleu*!" He clapped his hand to his ear, and then flipped his fingers.

"What do you think of it all?" I asked, foolishly waving my arm in a semi-circle, at the smoke, tanks, beaches and destruction.

"It's too noisy to think," he said. "But it looks serious. I hope you intend to stay." He noticed my typewriter. "Ah, *une machine à écrire*," he remarked. "So you're ready to write letters home. Well, happy holiday!" He offered us a drink of wine and I gave him a bar of ration chocolate. "Thanks," he said. "It'll help explain the pig to the wife."

The first German prisoner turned out to be a Ukrainian who stumbled with his hands clasped behind his head from the strongpoint which the

Who would think, to look at the absolutely ordinary *Schweppsylvanian* at home (*centre*) that he could be equally utterly ordinary, in fact a true Schweppsopolitan, everywhere else, impossible to spot in the capitals of the Western World (*top left*) where, as he points out, everybody dresses like everybody else anyhow. He is equally one of the people in the outlying playgrounds of Schweppsylvania itself, so that, as it is easy to see, he is at home all over never giving away the fact that he is not a true native, not to say actually aboriginal, and leaving no unpleasant impression that he is on holiday, still less suggesting, by hint or implication, that he is there to enjoy himself.

Devised by Stephen Potter, drawn by Loudon Sainthill

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

tanks had demolished. "*Nicht Deutsche, nicht Deutsche!*" he kept repeating, evidently expecting to be shot on the spot. "What are you then?" I asked. "*Ukrainische.*"

"Keep your hands up," said Stevens. The Ukrainian behaved smartly, smacking the back of his head.

I finally found a real German, sullen and defiant, a non-commissioned officer from Bavaria. "We knew you were coming," he said. "Wait till to-morrow. You'll go back faster than you came."

"Shut up," said Stevens. The German immediately stood at attention.

"We've taken Rome," I said, having heard the report from a signal lorry.

"It's a lie," said the German. "This will be another Dieppe." And then suddenly the German clicked his heels and I heard the theatrical salute "Heil Hitler!" It sounded entirely unreal. A soldier, his sten pointed at the smoking building, looked around, half-amused. He wiped his finger across his throat. "Crrrrk Hitler!" he said.

In the afternoon of that day, I now know, the Prime Minister cabled Stalin, "Everything has started well. . . . The air landings were very successful. . . ." For us on the edge of the beaches that indeed was the most spectacular sight of the day. For a moment as we watched the vast glider armada come over war was transformed into something Homeric and even beautiful. The coloured parachutes glinting in the meagre sunlight settled down to earth like some incredible flowers from outer space. The German prisoners waiting to be marched off to the beach P.O.W. cage gaped in amazement at history's most massive paratroop drop. "*Mein Gott*," one said, with envious appreciation. "This is war."

S. L. Solon

Colour Bar Housing

(*By Our New York Correspondent*)

One year ago, the U.S. Supreme Court firmly declared that racial discrimination in American schools was unconstitutional. This historic decision has now been followed by a unanimous decision of the Court that the courts in the Southern States should "make a prompt and reasonable start" towards full compliance with last year's ruling.

The defeat of segregation in the schools is a great victory. But the struggle has still to be waged in other fields, and not least against racial discrimination in housing. Unless something radical is done to ensure that all Americans, irrespective of race, religion or creed, are free to acquire homes wherever they choose, the triumph in the schools may well be hollow. If residential neighbourhoods are artificially restricted to one racial group, then the schools in those neighbourhoods will draw only on that group for students.

The barriers which have been set up, and still persist today, are the result of population pressures in urban areas. Ever since the 1920s there has been a steady migration to the cities, particularly those in the North, and the result has been acute housing congestion. The migrants have, on the whole, been readily identifiable minorities. As they crowd into the cities they not only occupy previous slum areas but also, by overcrowding, create new slums.

Since European migration has come almost to an end, there has been a void in the industrial labour market. During the war and post-war booms, Negro sharecroppers left their rural slums and farms to find new jobs in the factories of the North; Mexicans pushed up from the Rio Grande to the oil cities of California and Texas; the Puerto Ricans migrated from their overcrowded island. And one of the most difficult problems for these new minorities has been housing. The Negroes, Puerto Ricans and Mexicans are identifiable by their colour. The assimilative processes which functioned effectively in neighbourhoods for most White European immigrants works sluggishly for the new migrants.

Bombing and arson have been employed to dislodge Negroes and other minorities who move into White neighbourhoods. It is true that rioting and bombing are localised incidents and that bias is a personal matter. But there is ugly evidence that public authorities have been used to promote discrimination. Indeed, in more than one instance cities have banned the new migrants from land and homes, forcing them into the slums of the old city centres. Many have later faced eviction on the grounds that their homes were needed for public works, parks, urban redevelopment and slum clearance schemes. Although a Supreme Court decision has declared racial zoning ordinances unconstitutional, the zoning weapon is still used against minorities. In Pennsylvania, a zoning ordinance was used to harry a housing co-operative. In Los Angeles, zoning devices were used to keep out projects that might take in Negroes. In Bannockburn, Maryland, zoning was invoked to bar a housing development which, it was feared, might sell to minorities. Local authorities no longer openly enact racial zoning laws, thereby exposing themselves to judicial attack. The methods are more subtle, motives less discernible, and exclusions more effective. Thus, an ordinance might be written to permit no more than one building to an acre or otherwise making housing development impractical. Those who build for Whites can get a modification without the slightest trouble. But the moment an unwelcome group appears, the officials stand firm on the written ordinance.

Another example of official abuse is the toleration of the racial restrictive covenant. The covenant itself is an agreement by a purchaser of real estate not to use the property for certain specified purposes or to sell it to others for such purposes. It was originally used to exclude glue, soap and gunpowder factories, livery stables, forge shops, bone and charnel houses, brothels and other intrusions upon neighbourhood dignity. At the beginning of this century the covenant came to be used to exclude racial groups, first the Chinese, then Negroes. Real estate developers soon found it profitable to bar other groups as well, including Mexicans, Jews, Syrians, American Indians and many others. In fact, it has become fashionable to exclude as many groups as possible to emphasise the exclusiveness of the development. The position of the Supreme Court on restrictive covenants is that they are not enforceable by State or Federal courts, though valid as between parties making them, and that private restrictive agreements are legal so long as they do not invoke the use of public power to enforce them.

There are marginal cases as to what is public and what is private in housing upon which the Court has so far refused to decide. Urban redevelopment schemes fall in this category. Stuyvesant Town in New York City is an example. This is a vast housing project built by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company on land which had previously been a slum. The company enjoyed the benefits of public condemnation in order to acquire the necessary land, was granted a thirty-year exemption of taxes on the project and was ceded the right-of-way on certain streets that were built upon. Yet, when the company was sued for excluding Negroes from the project, the Supreme Court refused to review the case. Minorities are thus at the mercy of those redevelopment authorities which see the redevelopment programme as a convenient device for getting minorities out of areas where they are not wanted.

The Supreme Court of course moves slowly. In certain important fields it has attacked racial bias. But a favourable public opinion is essential; so is education, official support, and the use of all possible devices to create a proper climate of opinion. The story of bias in housing remains a story of the shirking of ethical responsibility by public officials and private individuals alike.

Eleven Plus—Part One

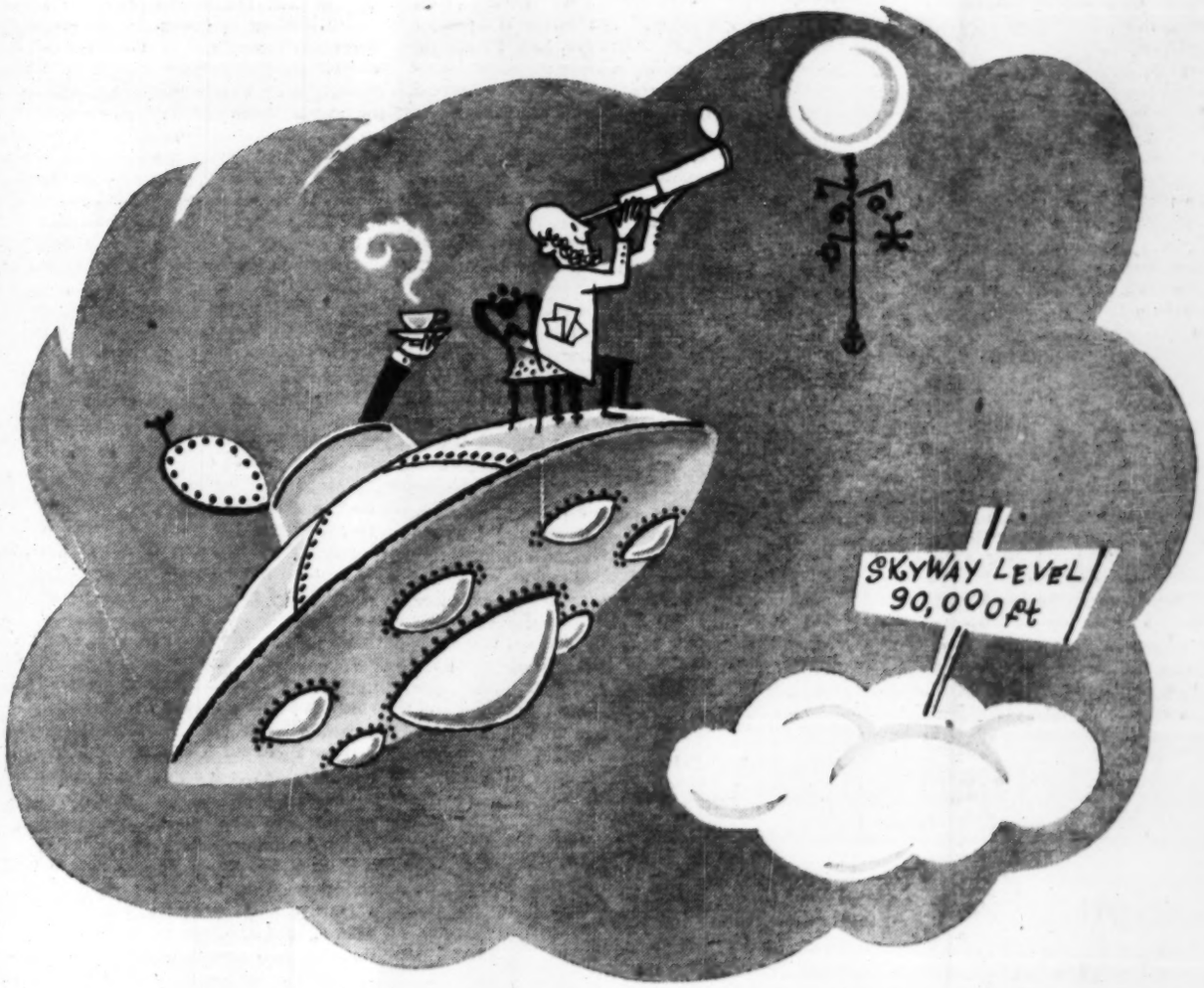
The results would come out in the afternoon. The children knew, although they weren't supposed to. But then the whole town knew, the neighbours had already inquired, the milkman, too, yes, everybody knew: the results would come out in the afternoon.

The children had lived in great uncertainty since they had taken the examination, or rather its first part, a month ago. The English paper had been easy enough, they could have got by without ever having read one single book as long as they knew about Muffin the Mule and other worthies of the television world. But the Arithmetic paper had been difficult; in fact, none of the parents and University students who had subsequently tried had been able to solve the last problem, at least within the time allotted to the children.

During this month of waiting the children had worked hard, although most of them lived in fear that they had already failed and would never be admitted to the second part of the examination. Still, there was always a chance. How they had worked! What was required of them now was speed. For the second examination would consist of an Intelligence Test with 100 questions to be done in 45 minutes, an English paper with 120 questions to be done in 40 minutes and an Arithmetic paper with 100 sums and problems to be solved in 40 minutes. In the English and Intelligence papers one had only to cross out or to underline; the Arithmetic paper was feared most. It is not easy to do 2½ problems in one minute. And the children had been told that only 60 girls from the town and the villages around—those who were quickest and gave the greatest number of correct answers—would enter through the Narrow Gate into the heaven of the Grammar School for Girls. That would be one girl out of every seven or eight. The famous "bulge" in the population is now beginning to make itself felt here. There is not enough room for the children born in the year of flying bombs and V2s; they have to pay the penalty for their parents' over-confidence in the future.

The children know the position only too well. They have been trained to get quicker and quicker and become obsessed with speed, speed, speed. They have incessantly calculated their chances, compared their speed records, worked out the minimum points required for each paper to see them through safely. But, of course, there is no real safety, for however quick you are there may be others who are still quicker. Only the quickest, the very quickest, are safe. . . .

Laura was the first to cry. (She is the girl



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ICI

who claims to possess only one handkerchief.) She started in the morning, her glands were swollen, she sobbed, pressing the one and only handkerchief against her enormous face. Yet, as it turned out later, she need not have cried at all, for she had passed. But by the afternoon she was too far gone to grasp the import of the news, and just went on sobbing until teacher sent her home. Jean started at dinner time "because her auntie's dog had been run over." Her tears at least were not wasted; when teacher read out the names of those who had passed, hers was not among them. Nor was Bettie's. Bettie, of whom everyone had been so sure, whom her parents had called the brainy one of the family (having apparently little faith in the talents of their other three daughters), Bettie who was one of the best in the form. Bettie did not cry; she produced a smile on her white little face. Then Doris, always such a proud girl, began to sob, and Mary, too, disconsolately, because her parents had had her coached for six months and she knew how much it had cost them. And then Rachel began because her elder sister had managed to pass two years ago.

Even among the "successes" there was sobbing. Catherine, in a rash moment, had confessed to having, on the day of the exam, taken "nerve-tablets," and some of those who had failed now turned against her, shouting that it was not fair and they would tell teacher—till Catherine, frightened, ran to her desk, hid her face and cried. And there was Jennifer, who had had measles just before the exam and had been exempted from it. They yelled at her that she had been shamming, that they had seen her in the street, that she would never have passed—until Jennifer stopped her ears and began to scream, and teacher came and said they should mind their own business.

There were only a few left, six to be precise, who might have enjoyed their little triumph, the reward for so much swatting, so much anxiety. But then, how could they enjoy anything? They sat quiet and almost guilty, and one of them, the best in the form, suddenly announced that she would never come to school again. Finally, to addle their transitory hour of success, a form was handed to them asking their parents to state, that very day, the school to which the child would be sent in case of failure at the second part. In case of failure. . . . The children knew that at the next examination one half were bound to fail.

Then teacher said something comforting to the effect that what they had learnt was not wasted, that they would always be able to use it when they were grown-up. But they knew it was not true. Why and how should they ever be asked again to work out in exactly 24 seconds (not one more) how far it is round a square field whose side is three furlongs? And anyhow, now they had to go home, what would their parents think and say, or—most dreaded thing of all—the neighbours? That they were failures. Failures, ten years old, some "already" eleven. And it all happened in the Year of Our Lord 1955. What do savages do in their initiation rites? Knock out a tooth or two? Child's play.

M. LEHMANN

All That Apple Blossom

DAVID had said: "What you need is a good dose of Kitzbühl. Get right away from London and this little colony of rich, mixed-up kids. All that delicious mountain air. . . ." He extemporised with his arm. "*Stimmung*," he said.

We arrived together at the Hotel Tiefenbrunner, a rather brown hotel with a notice-board vouchsafing information about British Ski School cocktail parties. "David," screamed a woman holding on to the reception desk like a taffrail. She looked a little off the boil.

"Fay," said David.

Would we like, Fay wondered straight away, to buy a house right here in Kitzbühl, so that we could share it with her; so much cheaper in the long run. Or lend her a thousand Schilling, only until Wednesday when the diplomatic bag, to which she had immediate access, arrived with her money. Or buy her a drink. That seemed the cheapest course.

Later she joined the British party in the *Stübel*. "I've been drinking since I was two," said Fay. "I've tried to commit suicide goodness knows *how* many times. I'm ill," she said.

"So is Julia," said another member of the group, "we're all ill."

"But I've got no one to look after me," said Fay, "no one. Julia always had money. I was brought up gently. I just can't work. All I could do when John left me was to become a waitress. I always dropped the trays. . . .

"You must know my David. I wanted him to go to Stowe; I wanted him to appreciate Beethoven and Watteau and . . . people, and Stowe's so beautiful. All those pagodas. You see, David's father was a very common man. Uppingham was so ugly. And I never knew what to say to the headmaster. . . . No, Julia, I *paid* for my own drink.

"One thing you must do (how nice to smoke duty-free cigarettes) that is look at my photograph album. Can you untie the string? I haven't got my seeing glasses on, only these cover-up ones. If I take off dark glasses you'll see such frightful bags. I'm going to have them taken right away when I get back to London.

"That's what I looked like in 'thirty-four, with Helmut. Helmut, you see, was an alcoholic. We came to Kitzbühl that Spring and lived in a kitchen. All that apple blossom. . . ." She went off to engage in a long argument with a waitress.

"Poor dear Fay," said Julia. "If only she'd go back to her Negro double-bass player in Brixton. He only has one leg, you know." Julia went off and danced with a convenient ski instructor.

"Julia's going through hell," said Sissy, as we watched her dance, "real hell. Everything happened to her at the same time. Jack left her, the Sunday papers went for her, and her flat was flooded—all in the same week. She tried to throw herself off the Simplon express. Then Fay starts boasting about throwing herself out of a cable car. But Julia really has me worried."

"Sissy's just been a doormat," said Julia, while Sissy took on the ski instructor. "I'd love to see her doing some real taking for a change. But I suppose it fits her tragic mask."

We went on to the Reich. The bandstand, with a bandleader called Ruddi Regan up, was very active. The clarinettist's daughter was doing her homework under his chair. Occasionally a player combed his hair. Someone called Victor, who lived at the local Schloss, joined us.

"This is my sector," said Victor later.

I said "Oh."

"Covers quite a lot of ground. Of course, both sides want me. The Russians often invite me to join them. They say, 'Come and have lunch with Maclean.' But I just laugh."

"Who exactly is your boss?" said David.

Victor got rather unsteadily to his feet. "Her Majesty The Queen," he said.

We went on to Praxmairs, very popular with the broken-bone set, as there are no stairs to climb. Several people around us had arms in plaster, set at convenient bar-leaning angles. Some performers, in Tyrolean costume, seemed to be yodelling unnecessarily in the near distance. A man with a double barrel to his name, seen four nights previously in the Milroy, wandered over. He introduced a party of girls, also with double-barrelled names. One seemed to have a triple barrel.

"Did you hear about Foxy?" said a girl very fast. She answered to the name Pixie. "Foxy hurt his ankle apparently and decided to give the stretcher boys a little exercise. They placed him on one of those little tin trays, and Foxy thought he was all set for a quiet journey down to the doctor for a touch of embrocation, when one of the Johnnies let go and the other did the same. Foxy came down in record time. Record amount of breakages, too. Thirty-four or something. More or less everything except the ankle which started the trouble." We all laughed.

"What about Klaus de Wolf?" said David. "Coming up by train from Innsbruck, he suddenly remembered that to come down the Strife you have to travel one station up the line to catch the ski lift. Thinking himself madly smart, he changed in the train, gave his luggage to some chap travelling out for the sun tan, went up the ski-lift, down the Strife, broke a leg and was shown into his hotel on a stretcher. The proprietor, quite unperturbed, showed him in and trusted he liked the view."

"He gave up ski-ing this year and broke a wrist falling off a bar stool," said Pixie. "He claimed on the insurance, too."

A man we didn't consider was in our party leered down the bar: "I don't want to cap your story," he said, "but I had a friend who killed himself yesterday."

MARC BOXER

The Painting

Miss Brown being unable to fill
The cosmos with herself, it made her feel
Threatened as if by an unpaid bill.

She took a corner of it therefore,
That is, her room on the second floor,
And filled that from window-sill to door,

Leaving room for herself to impinge
Round the table edged with ball fringe
On which was nowhere a vacant inch.

In the centre an épergne was put
Piled with a rich dessert of wax fruit
Hiding a design of painted fruit.

On the walls a patterned wall-paper
Of nosegays made a sufficient stir
In any interstices there were

Between the velvet frames and brackets
And photographs of be-ribboned pets.
In the window ferns in straw baskets

And net excluded the firmament.
All was safe, till a nephew's present,
A painting, he being a student

Of art, was squeezed into a bare space
Made by removing the late Czar's face.
Unfortunately, through the frame, space

Sneaked its way into the cosy scene.
Miss Brown removed it as if obscene
And, finding the Czar's protection thin,
Sealed the breach securely with the Queen.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

IT CROSSED MY MIND

that here am I with a standard of living

quite a bit above the average; yet in one respect I am

going on in a groove, when for the sake

of the odd pennies I could be

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To build a new Choir School **and reconstruct** other ancillary structures such as the Chapter **House.**
To secure additional income **(estimated** at £20,000 per **annum) needed** to meet **increased costs.**

All these objects are of **vital importance** if St. Paul's **is to be maintained** in a manner **worthy of** London's Cathedral **and a great** national shrine. **The response** has been generous and we are more than half-way **towards** our goal. To reach **it we need your help.** Gifts **may be sent to** me—The Dean, **St. Paul's** Cathedral, E.C.4.

W. R. Matthews

The Trustees of the Fund are the **Lord Mayor** of London, **the** Governor of the **Bank** of England, **and Sir Noel Bowater, Bt.**
An illustrated leaflet explaining **the needs** in detail will be **sent** on application to the Secretary, **St. Paul's** Campaign, St. **Paul's** Cathedral, E.C.4.

TO THE DEAN, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, E.C.4.

This is my gift to St. Paul's Cathedral.
Please acknowledge receipt to:

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The Other Voice of America

ANYONE rambling round Pawling, in New York State, almost any week-end, would probably notice a tall, good-looking farmer driving a tractor. On the farmer's knee would be perched his son, a curly-headed boy of nine, obviously delighted with the splendid adventure. Unfortunately for the little boy, the adventure only takes place on Saturdays when the farmer, who has other preoccupations, gives special attention to his 280-acre farm, his 75 head of cattle, and the rolling hills and rivers which make Pawling very like the Scottish Border country. His name is Edward R. Murrow, his husbandry confined to the week-end. From Monday to Friday he is responsible, with two assistants, for *This is the News*, a daily 15-minute C.B.S. programme.

To this, Murrow makes a special contribution of his own on any aspect of the world's news he cares to select. It is a well-known programme with a far-flung listening audience. But perhaps more famous nowadays are his two big television programmes—*See It Now*, a Tuesday night affair of which we've just seen in this country a brilliant example from the Grantham constituency, and the Friday night feature *Person to Person*, in which Murrow interviews two celebrities as widely contrasted as Sir Roger Makins and Joe Louis. Since he is also a director of the Columbia Broadcasting System and has a vast correspondence, Murrow is often exhausted when he motors 70 miles to his farm each Saturday morning.

If he is tired it is not surprising. For one thing, the preparation of his programmes is carried out in a certain atmosphere of nervous tension. First his jacket comes off. Then the shirt collar is undone and the necktie left dangling. Finally, cigarette after cigarette is consumed—he smokes 70 or 80 a day—while he strides restlessly about the room dictating intensely to his secretary what listeners will later hear as an easy and flowing conversation. That this will be the result, he knows. But the knowledge fails to relieve a tension and near-discomfort which lasts and indeed increases till the programme starts and the familiar voice gets into its usual confident swing.

More important as a sign of his restless energy, however, are his tremendous capacity for work, his inability to take sufficient recreation and his utter devotion to the duty of reporting and interpreting the world's news. A friend once asked his wife what spare time her husband had during the week. "Oh, golly," she replied, "golly! Why, his whole life is work." The remark is revealing, but Mrs. Murrow was forestalled by her mother-in-law, who once summed up the Murrow philosophy in a sentence: "It is better to wear out than to rust out."

This devotion which Edward Roscoe Murrow gives to the gospel of work started early because it had to. He was born on April 25, 1908, at Greensboro, in North Carolina. His father was a farmer in a very small way who moved to the State of Washington, when young Ed. was seven, to become a logging engineer. For a time the life was hard—life in log cabins usually is—and the boy was soon taught to shoot and fish in order to help the family larder. He also began to earn honest nickels every school holiday by working for local farmers; which is one reason why, as week-end farmer, he greatly enjoys the surprise of his neighbours when they discover that the television celebrity in their midst really does know one end of a cow from the other, and a great deal about the growing of crops as well.

Ed. Murrow's hard-working career, however, is remarkable in every way. After leaving school he went to the Washington State College where, as they say in the United States, he "majored" in history. Like other impecunious students, he also spent his summer vacations working as a guide or woodsman, and once even as a surveyor on a big Government survey. Unfortunately, no matter how hard they all worked, the Murrow family had still insufficient funds to let the young man fulfil his chief ambition and become a lawyer. But this perhaps was just as well, for the wheel of fortune was about to turn in his favour. Soon he became Assistant Director of the Institute of International Education—a body which existed to encourage the exchange of students and professors and the publication of documents in the Institute's field. It was a highly significant appointment since it allowed the young internationalist to meet refugees fleeing from the Nazi terror with a profound sympathy which has never dimmed; and it made Europe a storm centre of the mind. Thus, by 1937, after a spell as C.B.S. Director of Talks, he became European Director at his own wish; and fame, as it turned out, was nearing his threshold.

That Murrow himself consistently got London news and comment through to America during the war years is one of the reasons why he endeared himself to so many listeners in Britain. That apart, the very adventure of it all—like the new adventure of the farm—revealed the complex character of the man. Before the war his affection for the British people and his sympathetic understanding of their way of life had flowered as richly as his hatred of Nazism had deepened. But when the air raids began and Edward Murrow's deep vibrato voice was reaching his fellow countrymen with the confident "This is London," he was performing great service to Anglo-American understanding; and that was a habit of the heart. At the same time he seemed to his colleagues to be taking many unnecessary risks. He insisted, for instance, on broadcasting from aircraft engaged in combat flights over Germany, and sometimes the results must have been incommensurate with his courage.

Yet somehow, like George Washington in the field, he was always stimulated by danger. Hence his coolness as he stood with microphone in hand while all round him bombs were falling and buildings collapsing in flames. Such men are clearly dangerous—to themselves, though they

none the less perform services quite as great as those of many fighting men. In any event, Ed. Murrow, judged by his record, was likely to think that a good reporter could never adequately report experiences which he himself had never undergone. And Murrow, as he covers the affairs of the world, is a very good reporter, otherwise he would never have attained an annual income some fifteen times that of the British Prime Minister. But he is far more than just a reporter of news. In a very real sense he has become to a great many people in America the voice of conscience, the voice—and the high professional technique—which challenged with authentic timing the growing dominance of Senator McCarthy and later brought Dr. Robert Oppenheimer as one of McCarthy's victims to the television screen of a commercially sponsored programme. On such occasions he hazarded his own position, but, fortunately, Ed. Murrow is a man of principle in a not-too-principled world. The Aluminum Company of America which sponsored his most controversial programmes may have, at times, been alarmed by his attacks on McCarthyites, but, by and large, it supported him and disregarded pressure from enemy groups. Murrow—and his sponsors—discovered that honesty pays.

He has also a touch of the showman; which is natural enough. In part this springs from the vast publicity which surrounds his work. It also springs from his past. At college he took great interest in dramatic art. And may be it is that very interest and training which enable him sometimes to make an entrance as spectacular as that of any actress or, for that matter, Sir Winston Churchill or his many other celebrated friends. Most probably, on the other hand, the very honesty of the man makes him smile inwardly a little as he does it. Nor does his integrity ever allow this modest attitude of the showman to interfere with his work. "Never in any circumstances," says an intimate friend of his, "have I seen him embroider the news for the sake of effect, though it must often have been very tempting." By which tokens it looks as if the sense of occasion and the actor's entrance are little more than the natural assertion of a vigorous personality.

Strangely enough, the vigorous and often *very* good-humoured personality has a markedly pessimistic side in times of crisis, as those who spent any time in his Park Avenue flat at the height of his quarrel with McCarthy will remember. He grows gloomy, and lapses into long silences as he ponders the next steps. The dark eyes, too, grow sombre; and since his personal grappling with the crisis—even if it's thousands of miles away in Korea—puts a strain on his thought and energy, the good-looking features tend to become drawn and lined with anxiety. But after all, as the *New Yorker* once said, "Murrow is a man with the world on his back." Which again is understandable. Any man who strives for decency in public life—and this with Murrow has long been a fight against the despotic attitude of mind which McCarthyism stands for—smells evil round the corner much more quickly than the man who does not really care about the fundamental rights of humanity.

What, then, of his future? Anyone who asks that question is likely to get the smiling reply: "Well, I'm going to increase my milking cows from 40 to 60. And perhaps I'd like a little more spare time." But that seems unlikely. For only a minute later he will be saying with a gleam in the eye, "You know, one of the things I'd really like to do is to develop television for children. Why, after all, shouldn't Trieste and Indo-China be made as interesting for children as a Wild West cowboy?"

The Arts and Entertainment

The Comic Muse

THE Comic Muse has been very active in Shaftesbury Avenue lately, and last week, after popping in and out of the Globe almost before she was noticed, she seems to have settled down in three theatres, at the Cambridge certainly, at the New probably, and the Lyric somewhat more precariously. Mr. Douglas Home's comedy, *The Reluctant Debutante*, at the Cambridge, may be judged not the best of the three—both the others are founded on more amusing notions; but it is the one that comes out best all round, largely because it is the only one that is English, with the natural consequence that it is the one that best suits our actors. We are, incidentally, blessed at the moment as remarkably with first-class comedians as we are with classical players. Mr. Robert Morley, Miss Margaret Rutherford, Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White, Mr. Ronald Shiner and Mr. Alistair Sim—these are comedians who can carry a comedy with consummate ease provided anyhow that it is their particular kind of English comedy. Put Miss Rutherford into the airy Anouilh world or ask from Mr. Shiner the nuances of French delicacy, and you can't blame them if your venture is in doubt. And Mr. Morley was surely wise when lately he got hold of an absolutely tip-top French play not to be overawed by its excellence in its own kind but to adapt it ruthlessly and completely to suit his own style.

It may be true that these first-rate comedians deserve better material than they sometimes get, but we should surely be wise, too, to take to heart the gentle reproof which Mr. Terence Rattigan recently administered in the preface to his Collected Plays. There he reminds us that his comedies were consistently treated by the critics as the most rickety of vehicles transformed only by the skill of the actors into superb "goers." How lucky Mr. Rattigan has always been, was the usual cry, in his casting! No one who re-reads these wonderfully deft and skilful contrivances would say the same now. At worst they would say how clever of Mr. Rattigan to write lines so perfectly suited to the talents of his cast. With this in mind I hesitate a long time before setting down that Mr. Douglas Home's comedies even seem thin. If *The Chiltern Hundreds* and its successor appeared very slight indeed, wasn't it anyhow slightness of just the very kind Mr. A. E. Matthews wanted? If the texture had been denser, would the performance have been better?

Equally, no doubt, it is the superlative ease and dexterity with which Miss Celia Johnson and Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White handle their lines—sliding them across to us with an effortless ease that is sheer delight—which brings up the epithets "thin" and "slight" in connection with *The Reluctant Debutante*. But if we substitute something like "airy" and "light" and add the comparison to something like a *soufflé* we shall see that Mr. Home has done just what's wanted, provided a mixture gauged precisely to the last ingredient and left the actors to cook it up into a perfect finish. *The Reluctant Debutante* is, actually, not quite perfect: there is a noticeable sag in the second scene. But it picks up quickly and it does provide as neatly turned a little after-dinner comedy as one could want—and that is no small achievement. Miss Celia Johnson is an obsessed Knightsbridge mother launching a daughter with all the ruthless insensitiveness of her kind, and deadly is the accuracy which she brings to bear. Mr. Hyde White is the less engrossed husband who steers the venture to its proper conclusion with the quiet aplomb of his perfect balance. Anna Massey, Jeremy Longhurst and John Merivale do nicely.

The importance of the right material is well demonstrated in *My Three Angels* (from the French via the States), in which Mr. Ronald Shiner all but accomplishes the seemingly impossible of being the one to ruin a show. This comedy has a very neat and charming notion behind it. It goes far towards persuading us that the ends can justify the means, taking the extreme case of murder and taking it twice. The play is set in Cayenne, in the 1910s, and the three Angels are three convicts who in the most delightful fairy godmother way use their natural talents for crime to rescue a nice incompetent old shopkeeper and his family from the clutches of a rapacious cousin and his repulsive son. The whole point of it is really the gentle and endearing way in which the murderers commit their two murders and the forger especially his forgeries, enjoying the exercise of his native skill for once in a good cause. Mr. George Rose and Mr. Nigel Stock get the manner to perfection—notice the sad, distant, out-of-this-world gleam in Mr. Rose's rheumy eye. But Mr. Shiner is built on his own line, brash, vulgar, Cockney and inimitably funny given his head. Irrepressibly English he cannot submit to a poodle clip, yet a vulgar, bouncing healthy mongrel is an impossible member of this trio. It doesn't work.

Finally, *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* at the New. This pure-bred American comedy also set in the early nineteen hundreds amused the audience very much more than it did me. Again there is an excellent notion. The philo-progenitive Mr. Pennypacker is adored by his large family who are proud of the Shavian principles by which he conducts his life. Even his wife is indulgent until, after a very slow build-up, a brilliant first act curtain reveals that his principles have been at sea in the matter of family morals and everything else. But the author really rather funks the implications of this time bomb, puts in a great deal too much sugar for my taste, and cheats badly at the end. Doubtless the play would go better in its native idiom. Miss Eliza-

The Journal of Education

JUNE

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beth Sellars makes a Barrieish sort of part out of the wife, and Mr. Nigel Patrick is a debonair figure with his knickerbockers and his rationalist views, but the whole effect is piebald, acting and production resolutely English, play and *mise-en-scène* stubbornly American. Incidentally I wonder why some of those many unemployed actors and actresses don't use their enforced leisure to learn to speak with at least two brands of American accent—or if some have, why managements don't find and cast them for the steady stream of American imports.

T. C. WORSLEY

Hardy Annuals

LAST week Sir Malcolm Sargent wrote a sensible letter to *The Times* protesting against their Music Critic's suggestion that works such as the *Messiah*, the *St. Matthew Passion* and Beethoven's Choral Symphony should be given only once a year in each town, and "be reserved for special occasions, lest their sublimity be taken as a matter of course." Sir Malcolm pointed out, reasonably enough, that such a plan would deprive thousands of Londoners who wanted to hear the *Messiah* from doing so, and prescribed as the cure for over-familiarity that the critic limit his personal attendances to one a year. But this would not do at all for the readers, who look to *The Times* to tell them about the standard events. When they see announced that Mr. P. is coming to this country to conduct an overture and the "New World" Symphony, with Mr. K. playing the "Emperor" Concerto (for the fifth time) in between, they may feel little urge to get tickets—though the hall will certainly be filled. Nevertheless they expect the *Times* critic to tell them how Mr. P. and Mr. K. fared. Like Auden's Nick Shadow, poor Critic "day in, day out, Must do as he is bidden"—some insist he shouldn't exist, and at times, no doubt, he wishes he didn't! He must sit through the same works again and again, and let no hint of boredom with the music affect his appraisal of the performance.

Mr. P. and Mr. K., and whoever promoted the eleven *Messiahs* London heard in five months, will point out that they would lose a packet of money over more interesting programmes; they are giving the public what they want, and performing good works often very well. A check on the concerts billed in *London Musical Events* for the first six months of this year (partial figures admittedly, for some programmes are not announced) shows 16 performances of the "Emperor" Concerto—not unreasonable in itself, but too many for a critic, too many for any musical person, who could be satisfied with, let us say, three fine performances a year. Yet in April alone there were five hearings of the "Emperor," and four of Beethoven's No. 4. The total figures show the narrowness of the repertory. During these six months, January to June, four concertos are billed ten times or more: the "Emperor" (16), Beethoven's No. 4 (12), the Grieg and the Tchaikovsky No. 1 (10 each). Rachmaninoff No. 2 scores eight, and then nothing else more than three. There is nothing new in the complaint that the big public cares to attend only the same handful of popular concertos again and again, but it is disturbing to find the favourites restricted now to five. Brahms's D minor Concerto, for example, appears only twice, and his B flat three times (all in March); the Beethoven C minor twice. The field is contracting, unhealthily.

What should a critic do about it? Perhaps, like Bernard Shaw, be "diabolically unfair" to promoters when "they have done the very utmost thing that existing circumstances allowed them. But that does not shake me," Shaw continued, "since I know that the critic who accepts existing circumstances loses from that moment all his dynamic quality. He stops the clock." Should the critics abstain from the popular programmes? Ears would be kept sharper, minds keener. How many of the three performances of *The Pines of Rome* scheduled for June can they safely attend? Should they leave the hall while the Israel Philharmonic plays Brahms's Fourth Symphony and Violin Concerto, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony? Should they clamour to hear more of fine British works like the Rawsthorne Symphony and Concertos, command the Israel Philharmonic to play Mahler and Schoenberg, inform Guido Cantelli that they saw through the showy orchestral tricks of Respighi's *Pines* long ago, and now want to hear him do Hindemith's *Harmonie der Welt* or Tippett's *Ritual Dances*? Can three or four good heads, as Shaw claimed, batter down any wall that stands across their path?

The answer, I suppose, is a general yes, heavily qualified. It would be hard for artists making débuts to be faced with the alternative of losing money on a rare work, or publicity on a popular one. And then the first-rate performances—say Clifford Curzon's of the "Emperor"—are a pleasure, evidently, for critics to write about and *Times* readers to read about. No one could wish to deny himself Beethoven as it was conducted by Furtwängler and is by Klemperer, Brahms conducted by Cantelli or Bruno Walter. The cycle of B.B.C. concerts just ended presented their celebrity conductor, Dr. Walter, in ideal programmes: Mahler and Bruckner to enlarge the concert-goers' experience, Brahms and Mozart to enrich it. No one could complain.

Among great conductors, Walter is perhaps the one who interposes least between music and listeners. There is none of the Furtwängler's or Toscanini's "re-creation"—and none of their blinding revelations. Walter would not seek to crash the gates of heaven. He goes another way to work. He is gentle. He never coaxes a woodwind solo to come up and blossom before us—but gently parts the fronds above it so that nothing shall hide it from our view. He seldom heightens detail, but one has only to hear his old, badly engineered recordings of Mahler symphonies to find in them a transparency which other conductors, aided by the latest refinements of "hi-fi," fail to achieve. Sometimes he remains curiously non-committal, and just occasionally—be it whispered—a little dull.

This is the defect of his merits; he is too honest to cast a glamour over a weak piece. By playing Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung* too sincerely, he revealed the hollowness of its rhetoric. In Mozart's Requiem the master strokes (which generally come at the start of each movement) were powerfully affecting; but the commonplace sequences too were treated as if these were the best Mozart, and left to speak for themselves—which they do all too clearly. Walter was handicapped by having only the B.B.C. Orchestra. People spoke of a "transformation": in fact there was competence, a little more alertness than usual, and very little beautiful tone. The brazen oratory of Mahler's First Symphony (heard from front stalls) was painful, the strings in a Handel concerto grosso (over the air) rasping. But in Bruckner's Ninth Symphony (from Terrace Stalls) the breadth and tenderness of Walter's interpretation made one forgetful of tonal qualities. This will remain the outstanding memory of his visit, this and Haydn's 96th Symphony, the "Miracle"—a miracle indeed of gentleness, poise and charm.

ANDREW PORTER

House of Birds

KENNETH MACMILLAN is the first young choreographer from the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet who, showing some sympathy with modern idiosyncrasies, has been able to translate them in his ballets. There is a good deal derived from Roland Petit, but this is natural and right, since Petit is the only choreographer since the war who has been able to create new forms of expression in ballet suitable to the times, and also the only director who has shown unerringly brilliant taste in his decor. For his new ballet, *House of Birds*, danced by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Company, Mr. Macmillan has again chosen Nicholas Georgiadis as the designer. On the whole, Mr. Georgiadis's work is very good, both macabre and richly coloured, as suits the sinister Grimm fairy-tale of a witch bird who entraps young lovers and cages them up enchanted into her own shape. Mr. Georgiadis's chief fault is that the scenery and costumes are too integrated, too much alike in design, so that the human movement is often difficult to see because it is entangled in the corresponding complications on the backcloth. The music, made up from pieces by Frederico Mompou, a Spaniard, is the least original contribution. The last scene collapses badly with commonplace tunes and choreography. But before this Mr. Macmillan has created patterns of movement for his distraught birds, full of friction and vigour, that are sometimes sad, sometimes frightening. He can produce dramatic tension on the stage, and if certain acrobatic tricks are too obvious, or play with property ropes unconvincing, these are mistakes that do not hide his real talent. The company danced superbly: Maryon Lane, Doreen Tempest and David Poole being unexceptionable as the three principals.

The programme last week at Sadler's Wells and the standard of dancing in the little company was the best I have ever known it. *Les Patineurs*, which can drawl along as a dull jog-trot, was so lively and gay that the repetition of its planning was never noticeable. Donald Britton and Annette Page both danced with unaffected delight. *The Rake's Progress* is a classic which never fails to move me, however poorly played. But on this occasion there was nothing to complain of. Dame Ninette de Valois's choreography stood out in its vigorous and pure construction. It appears quite simple and yet shifts balance so subtly that it never grows boring. As the pictures of the Rake's degradation follow—the brothel, the gambling den and the mad house—I think each in turn the best; but the gambling scene is to my mind a most perfect example of choreographic economy.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Wyndham Lewis on the Air

MR. LEWIS'S *The Childermass* was published twenty-seven years ago, the first instalment of a trilogy. In 1951 it was adapted for radio by Mr. D. G. Bridson and broadcast in the Third Programme, with such success that the B.B.C. commissioned adaptations of the novels to follow. Last week we had them—or two of them, *Monstre Gai* and *Malign Fiesta*, for it seems a fourth part, *The Judgement*, is still to be written. Together, with *The Childermass*, they will compose a work called *The Human Age*. What has been written so far already amounts to a vast work, vast not merely in bulk but in theme, for the only parallel with it that springs readily to mind is the Divine Comedy. It would be silly on a first hearing to attempt to pass any judgement whatever; but this at any rate can be said: that last week was a great occasion both in broadcasting and in contemporary writing. The B.B.C. has given us nothing from a living writer to touch *The Human Age*, nothing that even begins to approach it in imaginative grandeur, power of writing, the evocation of terror and awe, and, I believe, in comic genius. Last week we heard the "lonely old volcano of the Right" in full eruption: it was magnificent and, in the strictest and purest sense, dreadful, as Swift, for instance, can be dreadful.

We began with a new production, by Mr. D. G. Bridson, who was responsible for all the programmes, of *The Childermass* itself. Here we were on familiar ground; we had heard it before and in any case the text was at hand—and how splendidly Mr. Bridson has adapted it to radio. Then followed *Monstre Gai*, with Pullman and Slatters sojourning in the Magnetic City—which is not Heaven—with the Bailiff, and finally *Malign Fiesta*, the scene of which is Hell and in which Pullman becomes the grey eminence of the Lord Sammael, the Devil, the grey eminence out of fear and loathing until, in the last tremendous minute, the Heavenly hosts invade the city and he is crushed under the foot of God Himself. Judgement one assumes will follow in the book of that name which is yet to come.

I listened, to the whole six hours of it, enthralled. If there has ever been a better or fuller production on the air than this of Mr. Bridson's, I have not heard it: a great occasion was superbly handled. The sound effects were so good that it seems absurd to call them effects; they became by turn scene, pageant, saturnalia. Mr. Goehr's music, it seemed to me, was no less assured in its achievements, and when wit was called for it was witty. We were, in fact, listening to a sequence of productions that truly were radio, that existed in their own right as art. And the acting brought no let-down. The most striking performance was certainly Mr. Wolfit's, as the Punch-like Bailiff, a wonderfully rich comic creation, with its suggestion of an old-time music-hall turn. As a feat, however, I place the narration, by Mr. McKechnie, not far behind.

But, as always, we come back to the text, for fundamental to the whole of this brilliant production was the quality of Mr. Lewis's writing. His imagery—and his is a mind that thinks naturally in terms of images—is hard, decisive, clear-cut and pictorial, pictorial in that he is a master of translating the non-visual into the visual. All this made his work perfect material for radio. And then, of course, there was the imaginative genius of the work. Mr. Eliot, in his prefatory talk, suggested we should find in *Monstre Gai* and *Malign Fiesta* a new maturity in Lewis. What we found, I think, was a new humanity, such as was indicated in his recent novel *Self Condemned*. For what happened as the sequence progressed was a certain shift in emphasis. The Bailiff shrank, as he had to, and the Lord Sammael took his place; but more and more it was the consciousness of Pullman through which we were seeing and experiencing the action. At the centre of all was a human being, and at the end one had the feeling, which one had never had in *The Childermass*, that it was his soul that was at stake.

Well, we are now more heavily in Mr. Lewis's debt than we have even been before; and we are heavily in the B.B.C.'s debt too, for having elicited these long-awaited books from Mr. Lewis, adapted them so sensitively and mounted them with such fitting splendour. If the Third had done nothing else, this would have justified its existence. One is still staggering under the impact of the work, which dominated an extraordinarily full week in broadcasting and television. There isn't space to comment adequately on Mr. Harold Clayton's production of *Romeo and Juliet* on TV. It much more than redeemed the recent failure with *The Merchant of Venice*, and if I find myself preferring the Rylands-Allen production of *Troilus and Cressida* that is probably because that play is so much less familiar than *Romeo*. But it was beautifully composed and often visually beautiful, and there were some outstanding performances, notably, I thought, Miss Robson's Nurse and Mr. Harcourt Williams's Friar Laurence; while the Romeo of Mr. Tony Britton and the Juliet of Miss Virginia McKenna were always admirable.

Nor is there space adequately to deal with the coverage of the election results. Since one cannot watch television and listen to sound at one and the same time I concentrated on TV. What I saw of the reporting of the results, for I had missed the first hour through listening to *Monstre Gai*, struck me as very good indeed: the Television Service had risen to a great public occasion. The next day I was much impressed with the comments on the results, culminating in the special edition of *At Home and Abroad*, on sound. Mr. Noel Annan's analysis of why the election had gone as it did, and Miss Honor Balfour's straight question to Mr. Attlee earlier in the day, and then to Mr. Macleod, I thought especially good.

WILLIAM SALTER

Tragedy for a Delicate Palate

"Shan-Po and Ying-Tai," at the Berkeley
"I Have a New Master," at the Academy
"The Lovers of Lisbon," at the Cameo-Poly

Festival-goers are among us. "Why weren't you," asks the silver-smiled lady, "at Cannes?" Why wasn't I? The waves will have lapped and the café tables overflowed and this will have been seen and that missed and Lord Brougham will have watched over all. Very nice too; but Cannes will come to us if we wait. One of its rarer delights has reached the Tottenham Court Road already: in fact, a rarer delight than *Shan-Po and Ying-Tai* it would be hard to imagine. Chinese opera isn't, one may feel, quite the cup of tea for the thousands who will find *Lady Godiva* up the road, and even to a more discerning taste it may seem like untranslated parts of the menu. If you have never felt like trying a glass of Chinese wine or one of those prickly eggs priced 10d. in Soho, then the appeal of *Shan-Po and Ying-Tai* will be lost on you.

A girl wants to go to school at Hangchow: this is the seventh century, when only boys go to school. She's quite willing to go as a boy, and even manages to persuade her father to let her go—providing she keeps her secret—for three years. On her way she meets a young man, and they become "sworn brothers," working at the same desk, taking walks together, sharing everything—except the secret. He shall marry her twin sister! So they part, and he comes to pay court. Alas, an important marriage has been arranged for her. The young man dies. On her wedding-day a storm bursts the tomb open and she runs from the procession to leap in. The tomb closes over. Two butterflies waltz away in the sunlight.

What gives this tale its charm is the beauty of

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the performers, who are all girls, the voices catching at a reiterative music or falling into speech melodious as guitars, the movements of fan and sleeve, rich costumes, interiors and painted landscapes, poetic images, a simple narrative cunningly varied. Maybe it is too delicate and monotonous a flavour for Western palates, but I shall retain Shan-Po and Ying-Tai.

I Have a New Master (*L'Ecole Buissonière*), written and directed by Jean Paul Le Chanois, takes me back almost to Cannes, for its village of Alèzes perches somewhere in the neighbouring hills. There's nothing very new about the new schoolmaster coming up the path in the evening light, but his battle for the education which shall sweep out an old regime of military discipline, boredom, and a cold room with a lavatory smell is proselytised with an engaging freshness. He finds out his pupils' real interests—bicycles or snail-races—and starts from there. The local bully is soon chopping up the dais to make firewood, the councillors (at their game of bowls outside) get alarmed, the girls next door chanting history find their attentions straying, and after a tense struggle the whole school satisfies the examiners and the new man marries the daughter of the old. It's as happily educational as a film could well be, pleasantly acted (with Bernard Blier as the schoolmaster and Pierre Coste as the black sheep), eagerly directed. In the same programme will be found Luciano Emmer's *Picasso*, which nobody, I'm sure, would object to seeing a second time.

The Lovers of Lisbon—not meaning those who like going back to the Tagus—is a meandering sex tale about two murderers. They meander—agreeably enough—about Lisbon, and about one another; then Mr. Trevor Howard meanders in, wearing a panama hat and talking vile French, a Scotland Yard detective engaged (we are told) by the family to look into the affairs of the dubious Lady Dinver. He manages to twine the unhappy lovers much as he pleases, and gives a touch of entertainment to a film otherwise darkly fashionable.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

REPORT ON MAU MAU

SIR,—The Report on Mau Mau by Sir Philip Mitchell, which you published in your last issue, should do a great service in helping to put the Kenya problem in perspective. We shall probably never know the origin of this loathsome movement, but it is clear that it has never truly represented the African aspirations for freedom and economic advance. It is an insane barbarism which, as you say, should be stamped out.

But is it right or wise to damn every African leader who has been associated with Mau Mau—particularly as so many have never had anything proved against them? If these leaders, who are still imprisoned, have seen the uselessness of the Mau Mau, is this not the time for them to be released and employed in the task of rehabilitating the country?

Sir Philip refers to the Kenya African Union as the cover for Mau Mau. It is true that its leaders did little to stem Mau Mau influence among the tribes but I do not believe that they could have been its main organisers or that they actively encouraged it. When the K.A.U. leaders were arrested and the Emergency was announced we were told that unrest would die out within a matter of months. In fact it got worse and it became obvious that K.A.U. could not have been primarily responsible for it.

I must admit that I have doubts about Jomo Kenyatta who became pathologically anti-European during 1951. He rejected Apa Pant's genuine efforts to assist when there seemed great hopes that action on the Indian pattern of passive resistance would have achieved results. He failed to work out a realistic political and economic programme for K.A.U. He was weak in the face of Mau Mau developments and more than hypocritical with his friends. There is a case, I believe, for keeping Kenyatta in isolation until order is restored, particularly as his release would seem such a psychological blow for the "loyalist" Africans.

There are many other leaders, however, who were never sympathetic to extremism. Achieng Oneko, for instance, a Luo who was General Secretary of K.A.U. When I saw him at the Kapenguria trial, where I was a witness in his defence, I talked to him at length. I was more than ever convinced of his innocence of the charges of being a Mau Mau organiser. On appeal he was, in fact, acquitted, and yet he is still in gaol under the Emergency Regulations.

There are thousands with him who are equally innocent of being actively connected with Mau Mau. Sir Philip is right to recognise that reforms are needed; let us also have forgiveness for our enemies and for those who would willingly be our friends in the implementation of "just and wise long-range policies."

JOHN STONEHOUSE

21 Alwyne Road, N.1.

SIR,—Sir Philip Mitchell's article on Mau Mau, and your comments, are profoundly depressing. How often have we heard all this before in the history of colonial revolts—and of this revolt? The account of brutalities and bestialities—the attribution of responsibility to a few ruthless fanatics—the admission that after all there were some genuine grievances—the argument that all right-thinking colonials are on our side—the conclusion that, when the revolt has been crushed, we must have a few reforms. Is there not a kind of self-deception about such reasoning, in that what is at issue is not a few reforms—Africans are increasingly not interested in a few reforms—but political power? Liberal Frenchmen have the honesty to recognise that the root of their problem in North Africa is how to negotiate the transfer of power to North Africans under conditions of strong *colon* counter-pressure. We appear unwilling to admit that our problem in Kenya can be stated in no other way.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Powder Hill House,
Boar's Hill, Oxford.

[Our comment was, in brief, that the mass of Kikuyu do not approve of Mau Mau, and that now, as an integral part of ending the fighting, steps should be taken to satisfy the political as well as the economic aspirations of all Kenya Africans. We cannot believe that Mr. Hodgkin differs from this, or that he seriously draws a parallel between the immediate task which confronts the French in negotiating a transfer of power in North Africa and the complex problem of passing over power in Kenya. If he holds that in the long run White settlement must come to an end in the colony, then he is only repeating what we have ourselves said on other occasions in this journal.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

AFTER THE POLL

SIR,—(1) Labour has lost ground at each of three successive elections.

(2) It has lost, between 1951 and 1955, 1½ million voters—over one-tenth of its strength.

(3) Between 1945 and 1955 there has been a 7 per cent. swing from Labour to Conservative.

(4) To win a majority of 30 at the next election Labour would need to win the equivalent of all seats now held by Conservatives with majorities up to 3,000—a fairly tall order representing a "swing" of perhaps 3½ per cent.

(5) Much Labour propaganda is based on race-memory, which does not last for ever. Old voters die, and young ones are more interested in things as they are.

(6) The basic social change of the last 10 years has been the diffusion of middle-class standards and outlook among a well-paid working class. The basic political achievement of the Labour Party has been the rapid and bitter alienation of the middle class.

(7) There is no evidence that any great number of voters is favourably disposed to Socialism regarded as the nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange.

(8) The Conservative party in 10 years has streamlined its organisation and largely modernised its type of candidate. It has concerned itself with finding what the public wants to buy, and selling it. It will not pursue policies that will antagonise public opinion: it wants to stay in office.

(9) Labour organisation creaks. Some of its candidates appear mainly concerned with arousing wide hostility. It is less concerned with what the public wants than with what it thinks it ought to want. It acts as if it does not want to regain office.

(10) The Conservative party manages to deal with its lunatic fringe without either making itself ridiculous by public feuds, or allowing the impression to get abroad that, say, Major Legge-Bourke or Mr. Kerby will be the next Foreign Secretary. The Labour party offends in both respects.

We know now that there is no automatic swing of the pendulum. A Labour party permanently in opposition is no impossibility and would no doubt serve a useful function. But to condemn the country to an unending succession of businessmen's governments through inability to think of an alternative acceptable to the electorate seems an odd way to promote principles of progress and social justice.

T. N. FOX

Highgate School, N.6.

LABOUR AND THE FARM

SIR,—Farmers deplore the enormous current cost of subsidy payments as much as anybody, for they realise that, given publicity, it could become a very obvious target for an economy-seeking Chancellor. However, to understand the full story it is necessary to go a little deeper. The average price of large pork pigs at a local market last week is reported to have been 23s. per score live weight. This means that butchers paid £9 4s. for a pig which yielded them about 120lb of pork meat. This works out at about 1s. 6d. per lb. At the same time, they would incur the expense of slaughtering and dressing the animal, but would have also for sale the offals. A glance at English pork prices in local butchers' shops will show that the margin of retail price above the initial cost is substantial—at least 100 per cent.

There is little pressure to keep market prices up for, however low the butcher bids, and buys, the farmer's return is made up to a guaranteed level by the subsidy. The taxpayer is the only loser; the butcher is the main beneficiary in this situation. It should be clear to consumers that a large proportion of the high price they pay for food goes not to the farmer who produced it but to the middlemen who distribute and sell it. Middlemen may argue that the essential service they perform costs money. Very true, but they do well out of it, too. Take another commodity, flour. Ranks, the millers, increased their profit last year by 37 per cent. Meanwhile, farmers' profits declined by about 5 per cent.

An attack on the middlemen is not merely a doctrinaire slogan, it is a very practical necessity in a Labour policy for food and agriculture.

A. R. BARFIELD

Widmer Farm,
Seer Green, Bucks.

FAITH AND REASON

SIR,—May I reply to the two letters about my "Faith and Reason" essay?

Mr. Crowther thinks there may be a faculty for verifying metaphysical propositions. And so there may be, but I know nothing of it. Its existence is neither proved nor disproved, so I must do the best I can with what I have already. Religion, as he claims, no doubt works: if it did not work people would not be religious. But since we can see how religion would work even if its beliefs were false, the fact that it works is no evidence that it is true. The analogy with colour blindness and wirelesses does not bring this point out.

And Mr. Crowther may well be right about the possibility of ghosts in machines. But to say that the ghosts exist, as an explanation of why the machines work as they do, does not help—partly because it would have to be shown first that they would work in a different way, or would not work at all, if there were no ghosts; partly because we should still want to know how the ghosts themselves work. You might as well admit to ignorance of how machines work as invent ghosts and then not know how *they* work. Of course, there are many things which the science textbooks either do not explain or do not explain satisfactorily. But religion does not explain them satisfactorily either.

Now for Mr. Bailey. Ends are a matter of choice and not of reason—of desire, if you like, and not of belief, be it verifiable or not—and we should not go through the motions of deducing from facts what cannot be so deduced. I eat my breakfast and search for truth because I like doing these things, not because I think it can be proved that I ought to do them. Surely Mr. Bailey's logic is at fault if he thinks that because I cannot know that unhappiness and death are not better than breakfast and life I have therefore no reason to eat breakfast and live. Not knowing whether something else is better is no reason for not doing what you know you do like. Nor am I incapable of deciding between the Lake District and Snowdonia: on the contrary I frequently make such decisions. Only I do not try to justify them with reasons which, logically, do not and cannot prove that they are correct.

A. J. WICKEN

P.O.U.M.

SIR,—Mr. Brian Pearce seems to have swallowed whole the official Russian version of the history of the Spanish Civil War. The Barcelona uprising may, of course, have prejudiced the Republican cause, but there was more than one opinion within the uneasy alliance which made up the Republican side on how best to fight Fascism. It was the P.O.U.M.'s frank and honest opinions that the fight was being lost inside the Republican ranks themselves, and Orwell has himself described the issue at stake in his book *Homage to Catalonia*.

Two points of fact in Mr. Pearce's letter also need correction. The P.O.U.M. was not "Trotsky's and the Fourth International's pride" inside Spain. Anyone having taken the trouble to read Trotsky's writings over the period would see how violent at times was his vituperation against the P.O.U.M. Indeed, the Fourth International had its own party in Spain called the "Bolshevik-Leninists"—an insignificant and quite uninfluential sect.

Secondly, the P.O.U.M.-Falangist parley alleged to have taken place at Perpignan was the justification given for the suppression of the P.O.U.M., but is quite at variance with the facts—indeed, it is quite ludicrous when it is considered that the P.O.U.M. still had units fighting at the front. It has conclusively been shown to be false by the subsequent recantation of a former leading Spanish member of the Communist Party, Jesus Hernandez, and of Orlov, who was an agent of the G.P.U. in Spain at the time. They have both stated that this was a deliberate rumour spread around in order to bring the P.O.U.M. into disrepute. In fact Andres Nin, the P.O.U.M. leader, was tortured in an attempt to make him "confess" to have taken part in this meeting. He refused to give in, and was subsequently murdered in order to avoid a scandal.

ALLAN SPINK

Christ's College,
Cambridge.

AUSTRIA INFELIX

SIR,—J. G. Bourne (*N.S. & N.*, May 21) seems to feel he "owes it to the victims" (of Austrian Nazis) to write in a way that suggests that the reference to the first seven of Austria's 17 years of occupation as having been suffered unwillingly was a mere "State Treaty Sunday gesture" made by the B.B.C. out of politeness to Austria. I for my part feel I owe it to the Austrian resistance groups, the Austrian members of the Maquis and the Free Austrian Battalion in Yugoslavia to draw attention to: (1) Austria's recognition by the Allies (from start to finish) as the first victim of Nazi Germany's aggression. (2) Hitler's action in entering Austria even earlier than originally intended, in order to prevent the free plebiscite on an Anschluss. This speaks for itself. (3) The attempt of the two largest parties, representing the majority of Austrians, to unite against the Nazi danger. (That it came too late was due not to their desire for incorporation in the Reich but to their mutual antagonism and unwisdom.) (4) The fact that although Austria was not able to resist the German invasion militarily, neither was Czechoslovakia (by all accounts better armed) nor Denmark (doubtless more harmoniously governed). (5) Russian acknowledgment of Viennese assistance in overthrowing Nazi rule, and Goebbels' fury at Vienna as a "blot on the German (sic) escutcheon." (6) The objectionableness of ignoring those of the seven million Austrians who were forced to remain silent in 1938 and of describing the cheering crowds (even if they had not been "weighted" from across the frontier) as "the Austrian population"—but this, of course, is the impression Hitler organised his forces to produce.

38 Homefield Road, W.4. S. A. COOPER

SUKHANOV'S MEMOIRS

SIR,—A. J. P. Taylor, who writes on a level of consistent distinction, startled me by what I could only interpret as a piece of pedantry in his review (May 21) of the book I edited, *The Russian Revolution 1917*, Sukhanov's personal record.

When I think of the pains I took to do exactly what Mr. Taylor finds fault with! From a purely commercial point of view the present edition of Sukhanov's work might conceivably have been objected to on the grounds of bulkiness; now Mr. Taylor tells us that *because* of Sukhanov's matchless qualities as an observer I should have translated all seven volumes of the original. A fine brace of stools to fall between!

I think Mr. Taylor's criticism of the abridgement pedantic because, despite Sukhanov's irreplaceable qualities, his prose is not sacrosanct as such: there are lengthy stretches in the original which are of interest to specialists only (all of whom doubtless know Russian and Sukhanov already). I laboured over Sukhanov's text for a long time just in order to bring him to as large an audience as possible. Indeed, the whole point of an English edition of Sukhanov's work lies in its being the only serious description of the Revolution in which we see a human drama behind the abstractions of politics. I thought the general reader should be allowed to have a crack at it, and I am surprised that Mr. Taylor, who shares my opinion of Sukhanov's uniqueness, should have ended his perceptive, trenchant and lively appreciation of Sukhanov by expressing a scholastic foible for a "full" text.

What on earth would have been the point of indicating specific omissions? It would be superfluous for scholars with access to the original; non-scholars would have to take my word for it in any case that the dots had been well and wisely chosen. The criteria of abridgement are explained, I think quite clearly, in the Editorial Note appended to the Preface.

342 Madison Avenue, JOEL CARMICHAEL
New York.

COVENT GARDEN PRICES

SIR,—At the end of June and the beginning of July we are to have at Covent Garden four performances of *Aida* and four of *Tosca* by casts of the standard which we ought to have regularly at the Royal Opera House.

The news of these eight performances is welcome but not so the price list accompanying the prospectus. Orchestra stalls normally costing 17*s.* 6*d.* go up by 128 per cent. to £2 and gallery seats from 4*s.* to 6*s.* (other increases are of a similar nature). Many of us cannot sleep out at Covent Garden all night and then spend all the next morning getting tickets (for even with the queue ticket system this is what is involved to secure reasonably-priced seats for the day of one's choice) and we therefore have to rely on postal booking. Our staple is the amphitheatre stall at 9*s.*; for these performances these seats are to cost 13*s.* 6*d.*

Covent Garden receives a very large part of what little public money is allocated in this country for the support of national artistic enterprises. It therefore seems particularly scandalous that these eight performances which promise to be of a standard that should be the rule rather than the exception in one of the world's largest capital cities are to be the occasion of such exploitation of the opera-goer.

Whether by design or by accident Mr. Webster bids fair to turn our national opera house into the exclusive preserve of a restricted section of the nation who can afford his inflated prices.

JOHN MAY

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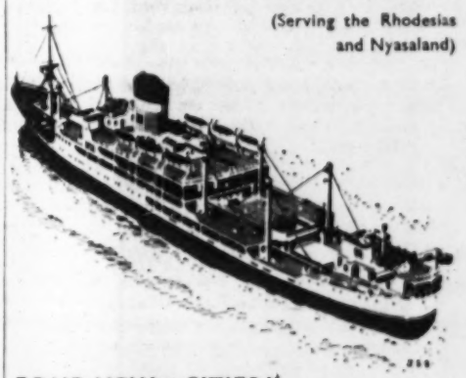

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Cat's Eye View

MAUPASSANT now divides the critics. To some his case is simple: he is one of the smooth-operators, a made writer, ambitious, pushful, gifted, who always fell on his feet, whether he was writing his slapdash newspaper articles, his short stories, his half a dozen novels. For these critics, he is not a master. To others, like Henry James and Tolstoy, there is the paradox that "the low views" of Maupassant were "compatible with mastery." And later on, in Sartre's attack, he is still the victim of critical puritanism. The trouble has always been the same: the superficiality of Maupassant's moral or reflective sense. No one observes the skin of life so closely, no one is more aware of its betraying shivers, no one "is life" so generically without knowing or even caring to know what goes on inside. If his genius springs from the response of his senses and especially from a still, impersonal animal eye that misses nothing, he is also the animal who seems to have done no more than learn how to be human by a heartless freak of imitation. He thinks with the perfunctoriness of one who has only temporarily joined the human race. More exactly—when we consider his personal life—we could say that, at some early age, he decided to leave it. As one of his letters says: "Men, women or events—they mean nothing to me. I don't care even about myself." Life, he decided, was meaningless; it is a philosophy that leaves the door wide open for loneliness, melancholy—and personal push. It is also a philosophy congenial to the betrayed and to the hard, ruthless children of the new rich.

Yet none of these single, puritanical definitions can satisfy us, when we consider either the life or the work of Maupassant. It is better to look at his phases separately. In a new study*, Professor Sullivan takes one of these: Maupassant's attitude to the novel and his failure to succeed there as he did in his best stories. This is a small corner, but it is thoughtfully examined. The professor cannot, of course, tell us why an excellent short story teller should not be a great novelist—or the reverse; we know that Chekhov was unable to write a novel. He had not the breath. There is, as Henry James said, a lack of density in Maupassant's novels. Where the writer of stories is bound to eliminate and to condense the mass into the hard crystal, the novelist must elaborate and find in one incident or character a surplus of suggestion sufficient to multiply and fertilise others. He conducts a campaign where the writer of tales, even when they are as long as *Boule de Suif* or grow into a *nouvelle* like *Pierre et Jean*, is making a number of raids on life. Meaninglessness may be excellent for a raider but bad for the major strategist. But why, since Maupassant was above all a trained writer, was he not able to excel in the larger form? This did not bother his contemporaries, for Mr. Sullivan gives us the surprising information that he set about writing novels for prestige and money and obtained both. Up to 1891 his short stories had little attention from the critics. He was the author of *Une Vie* and *Bel Ami*, and his six novels sold more than the whole 21 volumes of his tales put together. The collapse of his talent in his last two novels has been attributed to the break-up of his health and to the corrupting effect of his life in high society, not to a congenital incapacity.

Mr. Sullivan's inquiry opens with an investigation of Maupassant's journalism and his rash attempts at literary criticism. These have been rightly neglected, for he was not a thinker. He had the exclusive egotism and naivety of the artist. His fundamental belief was that no mind could penetrate another, that we live fatally in isolation, and can only be aware of others through our senses. Elevated to the plane of human perversity, this was the cat's eye view of life. An artist must be judged consequently by what he sets out to do; his world is valid and it is also unique. It is a drop that contains *a* universe, not the universe. So an "idealist" cannot judge a "realist." On the other hand, not being strong in these matters, Maupassant saw no difficulty in a "realist" judging an "idealist." As criticism, all this is womanish—and there is something very feminine in the passivity of Maupassant's hard character—and one can see what difficulties he would have as a novelist. Flaubert, who taught him the doctrine, had an intellect that could extensively disguise from us the fact that he was never inside the life of Madame Bovary; the pupil was not so equipped. The refusal to think it possible to get far inside and to feel with a character, meant a careful choice of characters who were mediocre and who proved the case by patently having nothing inside to get at. The isolation of Flaubert and Maupassant turned them into intellectual *déclassés*, driven to low company out of sheer self-esteem.

Or rather, in Maupassant's case, he succeeded in *Une Vie* and in *Bel Ami* with what Professor Sullivan calls primary characters. A provincial woman, the cad, the prostitute: these are simplifications and the art will lie in taking them through a series of episodes. We are, as one French critic has said, turning the pictures of a brilliantly and inventively chosen album and the belief in meaninglessness supplies only two possible conclusions to the tales: either gaiety weakened by cynicism, or pessimism weakened by lack of an opponent. For, as Henry James pointed out when he wrote of *Bel Ami*, the true novelist would have increased the irony of the story by showing that the cad who rose to success had done so at the expense of virtuous women and not only at the expense of the easy. Maupassant's delight in paradoxical situation—for example, a man terrified of losing his life in a duel, shoots himself accidentally—is stronger than his pleasure in character. He observes character closely, of course, with a hunter's eye that misses nothing but, unlike Turgenev, he is the hunter who does not love his victim. He is completing a dossier as spying people in the provinces will watch their neighbours with disparaging exactitude. (Perhaps Maupassant owed this talent to his provincial upbringing.) But his people are clocks that have stopped at a certain hour. We shall have no sense of what they feel they could become tomorrow, and this is not entirely because they have been made the slaves of a plot; it is also because Maupassant sternly believes he must not pretend to be inside them. The art, that is to say, is for his sake.

Une Vie was an album novel, with all the consolations and therefore the complexities of life removed from it. *Bel Ami* was a novel by addition, a sharp collection of sardonic short stories. Only in *Pierre et Jean* does the talent mature, for here Maupassant is on one of his fundamental themes—the theme of the false son or false father, the theme of betrayal that is basic in his work. It is one he often worked on and here arrived at the point of elaborating; it is a short book, a locked-up masterpiece, efficient but felt. In the other novels, we have become aware of the gleam of Maupassant's ambition and his delight in pure skill. It is well-known that *Bel Ami* contains stories he had already written, docked, slightly altered and blandly inserted; he frequently copied out exact passages from other works which he had done well and put them into the new one. There is no reason why a writer should not plagiarise himself even when—as seems to have been true of Maupassant—there is the frantic desire to make the same piece pay twice over; but one can see how the perfected mechanism had become more important than the disturbing growth of idea. I rather think what Mr. Sullivan has to say about the symbolism of the mirror in *Bel Ami*—it occurs in other tales, too—has some bearing on this. The outsider and pusher is a timid man. He longs to be in society and in the swim and feels, as we all do, that these are above us or just beyond our reach. When he goes up the stairs to his first party, wearing evening dress for the first time, he catches sight of his figure in a mirror. Instead of seeing a timid, miserable, incorrectly dressed man in the glass, he sees he is handsome, presentable, engaging and, in short, exactly like the others. The conclusion is obvious: they are not above him, he is their equal, he is like them. If he is a fraud, they are frauds, too. He is normal.

There is a real analogy with Maupassant's life and work in this incident. By genius and training he was one of those mindless writers who became passively identified with normal life. They are the society they live in, the river they row on, the tree they sit under. If they are ambitious, as Maupassant was, they are possessed and suborned by their ambition. *Bel Ami* is a dazzling comic picture of a corrupt career, but in no way a criticism of society, nor, in any sense, is there an opposing principle in it. It is simply a success story and with the small range of that kind of tale. The cynicism comes from satisfaction in the attainment of a practical objective. Lonely, amoral, shut off and wounded by the events of his childhood, Maupassant asked no questions about his society but accepted its conventions with all the alacrity of Don Juan. They reassured him. In his puritanical way, Sartre was quite right in saying that Maupassant was the typical writer of a worldly and successful society which had closed

**Maupassant the Novelist.* By EDWARD D. SULLIVAN. *Oxford: Princeton University Press.* 32*s.*

all the questions and regarded human drama as non-existent, unless it was safely over and reduced to the framework of conversation. One can see why Mr. Somerset Maugham chose Maupassant as a master: he is the worldly spectator. Yet Sartre was wrong in one serious respect; his judgment was based on the worst of Maupassant, the man of the world who had got in. *Notre Coeur* indicates, as Professor Sullivan and other critics have said, that Maupassant had his own tragic doubts. When one turns to the Normandy stories, to the river tales and to *Boule de Suif* (which was born out of the profound crisis of 1870), one is reading a writer who belongs to his terrain and who knows, from the animal watchfulness of childhood, what is going on in the minds of others, providing they are simple enough. Here, in country life, Maupassant had the knowledge which a community inherits from itself. Here, it is as if, discarding Flaubert's teaching, he looked at things as they had always been looked at by everyone: and, if he is no less isolated, the sights of nature assuage where cynicism could only increase the avidity, the anxiety and the sense of loss it fed on.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Not So Crazy Song

Let a fool sing out loud
My foolish words. Let him
Or her on a common instrument
Plunk their daft fingers,
Till all our ears have a loving ache,
And we awake from labour
Into life.

Let a fool sing aloud
"I am in love." Let her
Or him balance a crazy six-wire tune
Between our ears and feet,
Till all sweet Tom O'Bedlams strike
Joy on the Moon's cold flank and set
The world alight.

Let a crazy boy make cool
Nonsense of what is justice. Let him
Or her on a lunatic tambourine
Beat her head, and thigh, and hip, and sing
"I who am dancing show my love
To you who know what terror that can be.
Who'll dance with me?"

Then all will dance to make the matter plain.
And after tambourine, guitar, and common wire, sleep.
Until the dancing time comes round again.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

The Apparition

She moves in mirrors of perception
Through rooms I may not penetrate,
Nor sense itself negotiate
Other than eyes' remote transactions.

Discreet, I watch some mere projection
Tentatively gesticulate
On my behalf, and imitate
Its groping steps in her direction

Who cannot ever know the fiction
Of those hands' touch that have no weight,
Nor comprehend my equal fate
Whom she sees here as a reflection.

JAMES HARRISON

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Isaac Butt, or Parnell?

The Flag in the Wind: The Story of the National Movement in Scotland. By J. M. MacCormick. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. John MacCormick is the leader of the large body of moderate Scottish Nationalists who want for Scotland Home Rule on the Ulster model, rather than complete independence on the model of Southern Ireland. He is a Glasgow solicitor, of Highland stock. At Glasgow University in the Twenties he discovered a talent for public speaking, became an official of the University Labour Club, and in his spare time stumped the country for the I.L.P. He became convinced, however, that Home Rule for him was a central issue and that for the Labour Party it was, at most, a minor talking-point at election-times. He founded the Glasgow University Scottish National Association and by 1928 had managed to persuade this and four or five similar bodies, some rather moth-eaten, to merge into a new National Party of Scotland. For some years, Dr. MacCormick's policy was to combine the occasional fighting of by-elections (at which, at first, the Party showed itself very amateurish) with overtures to anybody, from Lord Beaverbrook to Sir Archibald Sinclair, who might work to make Scottish Home Rule a plank in one of the major parties' programmes.

At this work of negotiation, Dr. MacCormick showed himself from the first extremely adroit; some of his older companions of I.L.P. days must, however, have looked a little askance at him when they heard of his sessions with Lord Castlerosse at Rusack's Hotel and his dinners with Lady Glen-Coats. Within the National Party, he had also to contend with those for whom Home Rule was not enough. In 1942, these differences came to a head. At the National Party's annual conference, after a stormy meeting, Mr. Douglas Young was elected chairman by a narrow margin over the late William Power. Mr. Young was a conscientious objector, not on grounds of abstract pacifism, but because he thought conscription in Scotland unconstitutional. William Power believed, like Dr. MacCormick, in full support for the war effort. There was a call for a recount:

> "Let it be," I said. "I wouldn't now insult William Power by asking him to be chairman of this rabble."

Dr. MacCormick and his followers then walked out of the meeting and the Party.

Dr. MacCormick later founded, not as a rival to the National Party but as a new non-political organisation, the Scottish Convention. This did not contest elections. By 1949, it was obtaining signatures which in the end amounted to almost two million, to the Scottish Covenant. Those who signed this instrument undertook to engage in constitutional agitation for Home Rule. The major parties had to show interest, but Dr. MacCormick was unable to get them to commit themselves to the principle of a plebiscite. But in 1950 Dr. MacCormick was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, a sure sign in Scotland of broadly based popular esteem. In spite of his constitutionalism, he was a moving spirit in the adventure of the Stone of Destiny, which he looked on as a gesture of publicity, a way of drawing English attention to the Home Rule movement in Scotland, rather than as a rebellious act. He was annoyed, like other Scotsmen, by the apparent implication in Her Majesty's Style and Titles either that Queen Elizabeth I was Queen of Scotland as well as England, or that the Act of Union of 1707 had not created a new Parliament and a new United Kingdom of Great Britain—of which Her present Majesty is strictly the first sovereign of her name—but merely absorbed Scotland into England like a conquered province. He took this matter up to the Inner House of the Court of Session. The verdict went against him, but the Crown was not awarded the expenses of the Appeal, since it was held that Dr. MacCormick and his friend Mr. Ian Hamilton had "acted in a representative capacity in a matter of great public interest." The Lord President cast grave doubts on the traditional Diceyan doctrine of the absolute sovereignty of Parliament and glanced at the possibility that if there were a real breach of the "fundamental law" embodied in the Treaty of Union of 1707, there might be "room for the invocation of an 'advisory opinion' from the International Court of Justice." Both as a lawyer and as a patriot, Dr. MacCormick was pleased.

Dr. MacCormick's book is clearly and simply written, and often very amusing. It should find sympathetic readers in England, and Dr. MacCormick may well be right in suggesting that it is the higher Civil Servant, with his bias towards centralisation, rather than the ordinary English man-in-the-street or even the ordinary English M.P., who is opposed to Scottish Home Rule. Dr. MacCormick has combined tenacity of principle with a readiness, in pursuit of that principle, to be "all things to all men." How far has he "used" the politicians with whom he has negotiated—his Liberal supporters disavowed him when in 1947 he stood as a "National" candidate in Dundee with the help of the Tories—and how far have they "used" him? The answer is not easy. The genial, chatty lawyer's style might suggest, to a reader seeking historical parallels, Isaac Butt; but a grimness, a flash of steel sometimes—"chairman of this rabble"—makes one wonder whether this doggedly patient and passionately single-minded man may not in fact be a Parnell.

G. S. Fraser

The Singing Sinologue

The Classic Anthology defined by Confucius. Translated by Ezra Pound. *Faber.* 30*s.*

This is Pound's version of a much-translated Chinese classic, the *Shih Ching* or Book of Songs, an anthology which existed in substantially its present form at—and probably before—the time of Confucius. (Pound's title is as misleading as it is forbidding; the only authority for Confucius as "editor" of these poems is a memoir written nearly 400 years after his death.)

Most people will expect the poetry; how good a translation, then, is this? Literary versions from the Chinese mainly fall into three classes: the scholarly; the improvements freely based on the prose studies of scholars; and the esoteric, an entertaining half-world between the first two, largely feminine, and whimsical rather than rational ("I simply go into a little trance before the poem, and when I come out I see it *all*, crystal clear"). The last commonly relies upon a smattering of language and collaboration with an unusually stoical, or pessimistic, Chinese. Pound's work, disconcertingly, has affinities with all three.

Cathay, his first venture in translation, was done under the guidance of Ernest Fenollosa (the prototype of class three translators) who, presumably, taught Pound his own intuitive approach to the Chinese language. Forty years later, in spite of a much wider knowledge of the methods of genuine scholarship, Pound still reverts occasionally to the hare-brained private etymologies of his first, unfortunate guide. And when we see what he can achieve now without throwing text and rules overboard, these lapses seem almost wilful. (Some of them doubtless are, which makes them perverse as well.)

Intuitive etymology is based on too literal an understanding of the pictographic nature of Chinese. Monotony, absurdity and obscurity exist in most ancient poetry; under this system, when the translator encounters a difficult—or, simply, dull—picture in the Chinese text, he treats it as a kind of rebus, breaks it into handy fragments and reads the pieces according to taste. Not surprisingly, the result is often far better than the original, but it is not a translation. See how Pound uses it in one poem (the version in parentheses is from Karlgren's close and deliberately pedestrian translation; the italics in all examples are mine): "Lady of *azure thought, supple and tall. . . .*" ("The good girl is beautiful"). Here, "azure thought" has been won by splitting the descriptive character *ching*, "good," into two parts, one of which then suggests an indeterminate colour, usually blue or green, the other "struggle, strive." Read strictly according to the system, the result of this fission could be "blue-struggling girl." "Supple and tall" must also come from his reading of a picture, composed of "girl/vermilion," but this one is beyond me. The beginning of the next verse: "Lady of *silken word, in clarity*, gavest a reed. . . ." ("The good girl is pretty, she gave me a red pipe") required even more ingenious surgery since the epithet "azure thought" is now rendered as "in clarity," and another character, one of many synonyms for beauty, is hauled out of line to take its place. Split three ways, this character yields "speech" sandwiched between the two parts of "silk, thread," on top of the radical "girl," and so: "silken word." This is all great fun, but *chinoiserie* of the murkiest kind.

Though the distortions of sense may seem translucencies to the western eye, they result in philosophical abstractions, personifications and cosmic metaphors which have no place in the genre. This, for example:

> Chung Jen, deep of heart, taught
> me *in quietness* the *antient lordly thought:*
> *sun's aid*, in my littleness

says much more than the original, which is roughly: "Ah, Chung Jen . . . wholly warm and kind, pure and good person; there is the thought of (our) former lord, to brace (us/me) the lonely one(s)." Here Pound has chosen to read what is traditionally explained as the parting of a dowager marchioness from her female cousin and seraglio companion as the grief of an unsuccessful suitor at the bridals of his love.

As a working rule, whenever the reader comes across a line or image affording the unmistakable poetic *frisson*, he can safely give the credit to Pound, who seldom resists the temptation of the creator, working in material and a convention not his own, to make something "greater" than the original. The perceptive reader will soon learn to detect the Master's hand.

> Begat me, you twain, to pain
> in the mid cult of mouth-talk

will not send him baffled to his Waley version, nor will the *Cantos* devotee expect a footnote to:

> Sin-Mao, the day
> (sky's acrid 8, earth's 4)
> Ugly, and how.

Similarly, if the reader is troubled by echoes, almost within a single poem, of Uncle Remus, near-Lallans and *Beowulf*, he should not blame the Chinese. Pound's other, less amiable, idiosyncrasy is his frequent and arbitrary use of several folksy dialects, including an Afro-American doric suggestive more of the banjo than the Confucian lute, of kinky white polls being shaken outside Uncle K'ung's Cabin:

> Don't chop that pear tree,
> Don't spoil that shade;
> Thaar's where ole Marse Shao used to sit,
> Lord, how I wish he was judgin' yet.

But the triumphs far outnumber the failures. Lines like:

> sturgeon and gamey trout
> swim and leap out
> to spat of nets and flap of flat fish tails,

or:

> Soft wind of the vale
> that brings the turning rain

leave few regrets for occasionally transcended originals.

The best of this book is Pound's, the maker and re-maker, *il miglior fabbro*. The scholar, crippled by self-denying ordinances, can only sigh and cross another darling project off his list, knowing that it will be a long time before any readers outside the dark-grey quarterlies have any use for his scrupulous emendations and cautious reconstructions. Pound has gone into one of the most crowded textual dustbaths of sinology and come out singing.

Bernard Kay

New Novels

The Wife of Jean Barnery. By JACQUES CHARDONNE. Translated by W. J. STRACHAN. *Peter Owen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Green Mare. By MARCEL AYMÉ. Translated by NORMAN DENNY. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Devil by the Tail. By ROCCO FUMENTO. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Jacques Chardonne is not a name familiar to English readers, and those who consider themselves acquainted with contemporary French writing do not talk about him. Two of his novels did appear in translation here about thirty years ago. *The Wife of Jean Barnery* is the first volume of a trilogy, *Les Destinées Sentimentales*, published in Paris in the middle Thirties: on the evidence of this single work M. Chardonne is a very distinguished novelist indeed, and one hopes his publisher will now give us the rest of the sequence.

None of the comparisons his publisher and translator make between M. Chardonne and other novelists seems to me to define his work very accurately. True, he is, like du Gard and Duhamel, writing a family chronicle; and no doubt he is as intimately associated with the Protestant middle-class of the Haute-Vienne and Charente as Mauriac is with the Catholic bourgeoisie of Bordeaux; yet he remains a novelist very much on his own. In this trilogy he is concerned with the fortunes of two families related by marriage and by ties of religion, the Pommerels, cognac-distillers of Barbazac, and the Barnerys, porcelain manufacturers of Limoges. The period is the Nineties. What is remarkable is the balance M. Chardonne achieves between the historical and sociological sides of his subject and his extremely subtle psychological insight into his characters. The novel is a wonderful re-creation of the life of a certain class at a certain place at a certain time; but it is also a wonderful study of behaviour and the springs of human action. At the centre of this first part of the trilogy is the struggle with his conscience of the young Protestant minister Jean Barnery, who has put aside his wife for what on the surface are good grounds but which he knows is a failure in charity. Here M. Chardonne shows himself brilliantly in the tradition of the great French analysts of behaviour, analysts whose preoccupations are as much moral as psychological.

M. Chardonne is himself half-American, but you will find no American garrulity in his pages. He will sum up a scene in a phrase, and the phrase will be the complete evocation of a mood of nature or of a landscape with figures; so that, reading him, one is reminded all the time of the Impressionists. It is his distinction to render equally vividly moral beauty and visual beauty.

M. Aymé needs no introduction over here: he is one of the contemporary masters of entertainment. *The Green Mare* is now more than twenty years old; it appears in a new and felicitous translation by Mr. Denny. And what a civilised and amusing novel it is, this comedy of bucolic love and lust. I notice that one commentator on M. Aymé's work has referred to his "sometimes bawdy fantasy." Well, *The Green Mare* is bawdy, and its bawdiness is of a kind especially valuable to us today, for it is the product of a genuine humanism which, however different the expression, harks back to Boccaccio. In *The Green Mare* M. Aymé is anti-clerical, but he is much less anti-clerical than anti-Puritan, and he embodies in Haudouin the vet, a strangely repressed character, a powerful sermon against Puritanism, the more effective because it is extremely funny. In a way M. Aymé is the converse of Zola in such a novel as *Germinal*. *Germinal* is a nightmare of rut: *The Green Mare* is the world of rut, the orgiastic impulse, celebrated with the sympathy that is the *sine qua non* of the genuine humorist. It is a world, too, reflected on and in a sense universalised in the comments on the action of that delightful observer the green mare herself, through whose horse's mouth M. Aymé speaks.

M. Aymé's success illuminates the failure of

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Mr. Fumento, whom I take to be an American. Again we have a peasant scene, this time Italian; and we watch the effect on the villagers of the mysterious double resurrection of old Cornullo. Is he the Devil, or a saint? At any rate, his refusal to die, even though the priest has performed the last rites and the doctor has pronounced him dead, terrifies the villagers and undermines their faith both in religion and in science. In the end, Cornullo dies, as it were of his own accord, so that the village may live. It is a theme M. Aymé could have handled brilliantly: Mr. Fumento's treatment of it I found literary in the bad sense. He gives us, in my view, merely the stock English and American notions of the South Italian peasantry. Which is to say he sees not straight, but sentimentally.

WALTER ALLEN

The Rhythms of Nature

Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist. By MARGARET FAY SHAW. *Routledge.* 50*s.*

Much might be said of the harm done by compulsory "education," but nowhere have its results been more destructive than among the Gaelic-speaking communities of the Western Highlands and the Hebrides. With the death of the present generation of old men and women in the more remote Isles, a great cultural heritage of songs, beautiful alike in words and music, will be virtually lost. It is unlikely that the Gaelic culture can be saved; there are the schoolteachers who destroy the dignified love of the supernatural, traditional in a race for whom the barriers between this and other worlds are still thin, only to substitute the rubbishy "Fairies at the bottom of our garden"; there is in every house a wireless set, and the Light Programme has taken the place of the old melodies; there are, too, the journalists and film-makers, ready to turn into a "story" the ways of life, the beliefs, and traditional arts of a people remote from industrial cities and their Woolworth culture. Anger can serve no useful purpose; and yet the spectacle of a better way of life giving place to a worse deserves nothing less. Knowledge imparted by literacy undirected by spiritual insight is a barbarism in comparison with the wisdom implicit in a tradition whose poetry, as Yeats found in Ireland, marries the imagination of man to lake and mountain, to the rhythms of the seasons of nature and of human life. Dr. Johnson saw the Hebrides while songs were still habitually sung as accompaniments to the different rhythms of rowing, reaping, spinning and "waulking." Now, Miss Shaw tells us, the "waulking" or shrinking of the woven length of tweed by a group of women working together to the rhythmic accompaniment of one of the many traditional waulking-songs, is only so performed in Glendale, South Uist. The machine age has its own "music while you work," different indeed from the organic rhythms of the melody that accompanies the movements of the oarsman, the reaper, or the woman with her distaff and spindle.

What cannot be saved might have vanished without record, but for the lifelong work of a handful of people like Margaret Shaw. Miss Shaw came to South Uist from America, as a young student of music. Her intention was to remain for a few months; instead, she has remained for life. For several years she lived in North Glendale, in the household of Miss Peigi and Miss Mairi MacRae, sharing their lives, transcribing their songs and those of their neighbours, a laborious matter when verses forgotten by one singer must be collected from several others, each of whom could supply some missing fragment. The memory of these Island singers is (by modern standards) phenomenal, and the MacRae sisters know literally hundreds of songs. Miss Shaw later married a fellow-worker in the field of Gaelic folklore, John Lorne Campbell of Canna, which is now her home.

The present book contains stories, proverbs, recipes for wool-dyeing, remedies (some of them pretty desperate) and typical stories of the second-sight and witchcraft; but the important matter is the words (in Gaelic and English) and melodies of over a hundred songs, selected from several hundreds more, the fruits of the author's life-work. This is a work of serious scholarship, with careful notes and correlations, a classical reference-book on the subject. It is a beautiful book in all ways. The photographs of that most magical treeless isle, and of many of the singers, are fittingly included—our own rootless culture has forgotten that poetry and music are, properly, the expression of a people in relation to the environment and activities of their daily life. Many of the songs are in praise of Uist, or of characters or events, both heroic and comic. Few are earlier than the Forty-Five (there is but one Ossianic ballad), but there are some as recent as the last war, when the episode related in Compton Mackenzie's *Whisky Galore* was at once made into a ballad by a local bard. Such poetry, and the more or less ribald and personal extemporisations at waulkings and weddings, was part of daily life before the advent of the wireless voices. And so it is still in the croft of the MacRaes, by the dark peat loch with its white water-lilies and blue dragon-flies, though less than a mile away now are the wooden prefabs of Lochboisdale, a modern slum created by authorities who have forbidden, as insanitary, the beautiful and fitting traditional stone-walled thatched houses that withstand the ceaseless westerly gales.

To read these songs at sight would be far from conveying the quality of the island singing. All Gaelic singing is unaccompanied, and both pitch and rhythm are unusually true. Miss Peigi MacRae, light and thin with extreme age as thistle-down, has a voice as pure as a bird. When these old voices are silent, and the songs born in winter peat-smoke or on the long summer days on the *machair* are studied in studios, they will be but the dead shells of what has hitherto been the living genius of a gifted race.

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The Untrodden Andes. By C. G. EGELER and T. DE BOOY. *Faber.* 25*s.*

K2: The Savage Mountain. By CHARLES HOUSTON and ROBERT BATES. *Collins.* 25*s.*

Climbers are not necessarily masochists, nor are they particularly heroic characters. They are explorers: and what they explore is not only mountains, but themselves. They push towards the earth's limits at some point fifteen, twenty or twenty-five thousand feet above sea-level; they also, like divers, runners or test-pilots, push towards the limits of man's toughness, skill, and spirit. When the blizzard strikes, the tent collapses, the toes go dead-white, their reactions are those of normal men: it is plain hell. It is only endurable because it is part of the price that they had foreseen might be demanded for the rare prizes of mountaineering: reaching a new top, crossing a new pass, tapping a new power in themselves.

The two Dutchmen who write the spirited and likeable story of a small expedition to the Andes with the French ace Lionel Terray, can be articulate about these matters. "One weighs up beforehand what perils can fairly be faced; then follows the big assault." They won their top—the virgin Huantsan, a snow and ice peak of fantastic beauty in the Cordillera Blanca of Peru. And they are franker about the pleasures of being first than most Britons allow themselves to be. There had been talk of a rival American party:

> Back in Holland it had, of course, been easy enough to write in lofty vein saying that it was the climbing of the mountain that mattered and that it was really quite unimportant which party first reached the top. But, now that we actually were the first, we would hardly have been human if our success had not given us a feeling of great exhilaration.

They had paid a fair price already—in a blizzard, frostbite and a 300-foot fall—and coming down the last hard stretch they suddenly became jumpy. The summit, once reached, had lost its power to attract: the everyday world was reasserting its pull. This tension between the height, exposure and exhilaration of the mountain, and the rest, shelter and safety of the valley, these sudden reversals of feeling that every climber will recognise, are beautifully brought out in the most engaging narrative that all the recent activity in the Andes has produced.

For the Americans on K2 in 1953 the prize was higher—the second mountain in the world, the highest unclimbed—and so was the terrible price exacted. On August 2 eight of them established Camp VIII at 25,500 feet on the south ridge, nearly as high as the previous American parties had reached in 1938 and 1939. They were all fit and acclimatised, the most difficult stretch was behind them, the way to the top lay open. A week later they were still there, but their situation had altered disastrously. Storm had imprisoned them in their minute tents, sapped their strength, and frustrated their first attempt to climb down. Worst of all, Gilkey, who had been picked as one of the summit pair, had developed a clot of blood in his leg which threatened to move to his lungs. To get him down was the only hope and that—as Houston, their doctor as well as leader, very well realised—was a faint one; it was only too clear that manœuvring his body, swaddled in sleeping-bag and spare tent, down the appalling ridge would probably put paid to their own chances of getting down alive. In driving snow, with visibility nil, they bumped and lowered him down to the top of a steep ice couloir which they had to cross. There he was held from above by the party's strong man Schoening, with another rope going sideways to Molenaar. Two other parties of two were crossing the couloir. One man slipped, pulled his partner off his steps, and down they shot, fouling the second party's rope and bringing them off. Four were hurtling down, with nothing to stop

them until they reached the glacier two miles below. Then two miracles occurred. Their ropes, already tangled together, caught in the rope between Gilkey and Molenaar, so that the whole cat's cradle with six men's weight came on Schoening above. Secondly, the nylon rope from Gilkey to Schoening, which now took the whole strain, did not break. There was damage, Houston was badly concussed, but all somehow managed to crawl up the couloir and over to a possible bivouac site at the side. Gilkey was anchored firmly to two ice-axes driven deep in the ice, while the rest hacked out a platform for the tent. They heard him shout, encouragingly as they thought—he had been conscious a few minutes earlier, and had smiled; but when they moved over to bring him in they found the slope bare. An avalanche had swept it clear of their accident tracks, their two ice-axes, and their friend.

Houston was delirious and struggled all night: Bell was badly frostbitten. The storm continued; yet somehow, during the next three days, the seven men climbed down to the warmth, food, rest and help of Base Camp. They could never have done it with Gilkey: until he was swept away, they had never thought of doing it without him. In one direction their exploration had failed (a year later an Italian party, using the same route, did reach the top); in another they had gone farther towards the limits of endurance than any of them had thought conceivable. It is when this second kind of exploration comes off—and not necessarily when a top is achieved—that mountaineering can, for the moment, touch the heroic. In this sense *K2*, for all its plain and unsensational narrative, is a heroic book, and the story will be remembered when many plodding accounts of successful expeditions are forgotten.

JANET ADAM SMITH

No Button A

Failure of a Revolution. By RUDOLF COPER. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

Reading this book is like a conversation on the telephone with someone who has failed to press Button A. There is obviously someone at the other end of the line; and probably he has something important to communicate. But nothing comes through except a vague crackling. The author is now a professor of economics in the United States, and by origin a German. As a boy he lived through the revolution of 1918 in Berlin, and his experiences have been enlarged by much subsequent reading—though entirely in German. His extensive bibliography mentions only one book in English (by an American); and he seems to be unaware of the essential books by Mr. Wheeler-Bennett. Mr. Coper is clear that the German revolution failed; he is also convinced that it could have succeeded. But what sort of revolution could have succeeded? This is the point which he never makes clear.

He seems to think that the German masses were not ripe for a Socialist revolution and that any attempt at it would have been speedily crushed. He pins his faith to a "democratic-capitalist revolution," though without ever explaining what he means by this. It does not apparently mean that the capitalists should retain their "political dominion"; yet how can they be deprived of it under capitalism? Apparently "militarism" was allowed to survive. Again, what does this mean in a Germany that was disarmed? The innocent observer may suppose that the Weimar Republic was a perfect "democratic-capitalist" state. But no. According to Mr. Coper, Ebert rejected this aim in favour of militarism and so (in the words of the dust-cover) "survived to be the head of a very different kind of state: a forerunner of Hitler's Reich." If we once accept the principle that Ebert was deliberately betraying democracy, the rest is easy. It is the story of the betrayal of the German people consciously by Ebert, unconsciously by his associates. But if the principle is not accepted, then the book gets more and more bewildering.

To add to the difficulties, Mr. Coper has found the art of narrative beyond him. He gets the events tangled up and, despairing of unravelling the skein, gives cross-references to his own book in the hope that the reader may be more successful. It is an additional obstacle that, while the words are English, many of the sentences make sense only if translated back into German. Yet the book is published in an elegant format by a famous university press. Some good judge must have thought it useful and important. This is puzzling.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Reporter-At-Large

A Train of Powder. By REBECCA WEST. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

I don't quite know what to make of Miss West's latter-day reportage. It is clever, of course, brilliant, even, in parts; but a lot of it is terribly patchy and over-written. It irritates and upsets me and gives me a feeling of strain, as if I were gazing across the dinner-table at a daring piece of face-lifting that might be going to collapse at any moment into a bog of wrinkles. Also it is so subjective and confusing. I prefer my contemporary history written not up but down, in the dead-pan laundry list style cultivated by some of the *New Yorker's* reporters-at-large.

This book consists of articles about various trials, expanded into a stately guinea volume of deathless prose and much inflated in the process. The subjects are Nuremberg; the Setty case; a Southern lynching trial; Marshall, the young radio-telegraphist, pathetic in his duped foolishness, who was sentenced in the summer of 1952 for spying for the Russians. Nuremberg, divided into three sections and including a brief visit to Prague and a digression on the Berlin Airlift, occupies more than half the text. A one-legged gardener tending a greenhouse full of cyclamens in the grounds of the villa where the correspondents were lodged, is worked, rather hard, as the *leitmotiv*. Here is a sample of Miss West mixing one of her metaphorical cocktails in celebration of Goering's suicide:

> The enormous clown, the sexual quiddity with the smile which was perhaps too wooden for mockery and perhaps not, had kicked the tray out of the hands of the servants who were bringing him the wine of humiliation, the glasses had flown into the air and splintered with a sound too much like laughter.

And here she is opening on the Setty case:

> The murder of Mr. Setty was important, because he was so unlike the man who found his headless and legless body. It was news, after the pattern which was established when the Wise Men came out of the East and questioned their way to the stable where the King of the Jews had been born; for they were, of course, neither kings nor philosophers, as has often been pretended, but newspaper men, and they had seen no star but had received the call not heard by the ear but felt by the nerves, which announces that somewhere there is news. For news is always an incarnation.

The Goering paragraph, though overloaded, has its points, particularly that "sexual quiddity"; but the Setty extract is dangerously irritating, the kind of writing that compelled many middle-aged people to give up reading Chesterton for fear of having a stroke. It puts you out of temper for the rest, which is, in fact, one of the best things in the book. Miss West, though she dwells too long on the wildfowler witness, has good sport with this bewildering case and is most entertaining about the oddly contrasted protagonists, Hume and Counsel for the Prosecution, Mr. Christmas Humphreys, the Buddhist. I must, however, correct her, if pedantically, on one point. If she looks again at *The Woman in White* she will see that the spot where Walter Hartwright met the Woman must have been some distance nearer London than Golders Green and seems likely to have been what is now the intersection of Finchley Road and West End Lane. The Marshall trial is also fascinating and there is a good deal to be said for Miss West's contention that the half-baked youth was being used as a diversion. But heaven preserve me from her feline sympathy; she rolls all over a victim, ambivalent as a huge tabby who has caught a baby bunny and is having a lovely play.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Malice Towards One

The Day Lincoln was Shot. By JIM BISHOP. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

Perhaps a majority of Americans, in April, 1865, disliked Abraham Lincoln. To the South he was the man who had forced on the war and carried it remorselessly through. For the Conservatives in the North he was the illiterate rail-splitter who had swept power out of the hands of the old political parties; and in his own Republican party a powerful radical element hated him for his wisdom and moderation. Even to the supporters who voted him twice into power he was an enigmatical and awkward figure, kept on the rails by Stanton and Seward and enjoying a lion's share of beginner's luck. Of the thousands who wished him dead, there were scores prepared to kill him. The President knew it: a drawer in his bureau was stuffed full of anonymous threats and his mind was clouded with foreboding dreams. His advisers knew it, and tried in a ramshackle way to make him take proper precautions. They failed. On April 14th, at 10 o'clock in the evening, Lincoln was shot in his box at the theatre, his Secretary of State was knifed in bed, and the life of the Vice-President was spared only by the cowardice of the man deputed to kill him. Naturally it was assumed that this was a serious conspiracy, the realisation of the threat which had hung over the government for so long. In fact,

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JONATHAN CAPE

it was the work of a pathological megalomaniac assisted by a seedy group of half-witted hangers-on—a conspiracy so inconsiderable, compared to the other dangers threatening the President, that the security services had heard about it months before and taken no action. There can have been few more striking examples of the intervention of the casual, the frivolous, in human affairs.

Mr. Bishop's detailed narrative of the events which led up to the assassination makes this point very clear. John Wilkes Booth was not an obscure maniac, but an actor of considerable fame and adequate means. He was certainly a Southerner, and the conspiracy, when he first set it on foot, was devised as a blow against the enemies of his country. By April, 1865, such a blow was useless; but that did not deter Booth. His real motive was not patriotism but the gigantic self-advertisement of an actor gone mad. "When I leave the stage," he said shortly before his crime, "I shall be the most famous man in America." The dingy rabble of his fellow-conspirators, saloon bar cronies hypnotised by his personality, could be betrayed and sacrificed as he saw fit. Like more recent megalomaniacs, Booth was prepared to pile on friend and foe alike to add splendour to his own funeral pyre.

Against a lunatic assassin the best security service is useless, and that provided in Washington in the Sixties was far from the best. The city was predominantly Southern in sympathy; the President rode unescorted in its muddy streets, and at twilight walked home across the White House grounds through a litter of squatters' huts. Petitioners wandered through the Presidential corridors unchecked, and Lincoln's personal safety was entrusted to a dead-beat police officer with a bad record, who on the fatal night was absent from his post. The wonder is not that Lincoln died, but that he survived for so long.

Mr. Bishop's reconstruction of the murder is painstaking, and British readers will find much that is unfamiliar. Perhaps too much: the author, for fear of leaving out one necessary detail, regales us with a hundred of doubtful relevance. At dinner, he tells us, Lincoln sometimes drank hot soup, and almost always ate meat and potatoes; he would eat dessert, however, if the dessert was home-made apple-pie. This Crawfie approach to history pays meagre dividends, and there are too many tedious passages in a book which should go like a bomb from beginning to end. To a certain type of historian all facts are equal, but some more equal than others.

MICHAEL HOWARD

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Shorter Reviews

Swift: an Introduction. By RICARDO QUINTANA. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Professor Quintana's *Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift* is a standard work of literary scholarship, and one expects his new much shorter book to be a boiling-down of that earlier work. It is nothing of the sort, but a quite independent venture and fresh start. It is wholly admirable; and while the *Mind and Art* must remain the standard work, this more rapid and bold survey will be consulted more often and to better purpose by all but the specialists. There is no radical change of emphasis. Professor Quintana still objects to a Swift who is hag-ridden, writing out of the private world of the obsessed. "Swift's genius," he roundly declares, "was not original but representative"—representative not so much of his own age as of the conservative element in that age, which continued to live, in the eighteenth century, by the values of the second half of the seventeenth. Hence, for instance, Swift's profound distrust of the Dissenters and of their "enthusiasm," as tending necessarily to tyranny. And the tough harshness of his comedy is similarly a "Restoration" phenomenon; to ignore this is to miss the essential point that Swift is first and foremost a *comic* writer, only in the second place a satirist.

Professor Quintana seems to have changed his mind about *Gulliver's Travels*, partly in the light of recent books about Swift's use of the fictitious *persona* and of anonymity as a basic literary stratagem, and of Arthur Case's elucidation of the political allegory. He thinks that when Swift appeals for a patriotism above party, in *Gulliver's Travels* as in his earlier polemics for Harley, he envisages this as a real possibility—one of the ways in which his supposedly unrelenting pessimism falls far short of ours. And, in fact, Swift's whole treatment of the *voyage imaginaire* is strikingly less cynical than that of his forgotten predecessors in that genre. Most of the profoundly disquieting ambiguities in Swift can be resolved or at any rate made manageable if we put ourselves in the place of the readers Swift originally addressed. Professor Quintana sometimes under-rates the effort of imaginative sympathy required, but he is right to demand it.

Seventy Seven Poems. By ALBERTO DE LACERDA. Translated by the Author and ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Literature is often renewed by the by-blow, the return of a familiar tradition after it has passed through an alien mind and culture. What Mr. Pound made of the Provençal lyric, or Mallarmé of E. A. Poe, or the Calypso-bards of the Victorian ballad is, academically speaking, nonsense—but, on a broader view, old poetry in new bodies. There are some treats, as well as shocks, in store for future critics when an English-language literature of India or native Africa begins to flow in towards the end of the century.

Some such interest, though relatively mild and non-revolutionary, attaches to this book by a young Portuguese poet who was born and educated in Mozambique before coming to Europe at eighteen. His earlier pieces are in the thin and wistful manner of the minor Symbolists of the nineteen-hundreds. The poet's only theme is an attempted definition of personality, but in terms so sensitively nebulous that no definition ever emerges: indeed, it is hardly intended to. Later, travel and a new attitude to experience give genuine metaphysical depth to a few pieces, such as *The Net* and *On the Shore*. These suggest that an interesting new lyric poet is in the making, provided he proves incapable of forgetting his origins and is not obsessed with catching up with European fashion. The translation, sober and exact, is printed opposite the original *On the Shore*.

A Difficult Young Man. By MARTIN BOYD. *Cresset.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Martin Boyd sets himself a very difficult problem. He saddles a large *farouche* Edwardian family with its roots deep in the English County but its leaves luxuriating in the unconventional sun of Australia. He gives them a sudden access of wealth and mounts on them one of those dark and beautiful eldest sons with a passionate and quixotic nature, a throwback, it is hinted, to some untamed Spanish ancestry. By this time, as may be imagined, we are heading fast for a run-away—straight over the hills of romantic tush. The problem is to reduce the scale to the credible without losing the romantic glow. Mr. Boyd does it extremely adroitly, also with the help of a narrator. The youngest brother Guy is trying, as he looks back on it from the present, to puzzle out the truth about his difficult brother, to peel off the glazes put on the story by his own temperament which, if less extreme than Dominic's, was at least imaginative enough to understand it. This gives us a sort of double view, a gently comic view of the grown-ups shot through with a passionate undercurrent from the attitudinising children. A most enjoyable novel giving us that rare pleasure, a large bite at the best of both worlds.

The Collected Papers of Otto Fenichel: Second Series. Edited by HANNA FENICHEL and DAVID RAPAPORT. *Routledge.* 35*s.*

The second volume of Otto Fenichel's collected papers completes the publication of essays and addresses many of which had either not appeared before, or had not appeared in English. The valuable editorial task has been excellently carried out, as in the case of the first series, and gratitude is due that the works of the author of *The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis* have emerged from the limbo of back numbers of periodicals.

These essays show Fenichel in an austere light, bringing the weight of his erudition and experience to bear crushingly upon the heresies of neo-Freudians such as Horney, Fromm and Kardiner, exploring dreams and phobias, education and anti-Semitism with a detached lucidity which may almost offend the tender-minded. And yet, at the moment when we feel he is carrying things too far, that he is encompassing all human behaviour within a system which is too rigidly doctrinaire to comprehend the spontaneous vagaries of individual response, he demonstrates with humility the limits of his science. "I shall be content," he says, "if I have succeeded in making it clear that science (psychoanalysis among others) cannot do more than study the psychic characteristics of human beings . . . it cannot set goals." But if Fenichel is clear that psychoanalytic findings are no more entitled to establish goals than are those of physics and chemistry, he appears inclined to make psychoanalytic interpretations of situations which are more readily understood in the frame of reference, for example, of sociology. In the present confused state of the human and social sciences, there is a tendency for people to attempt to "capture" other disciplines, in a way which would be unthinkable in the better established natural sciences. This, however, is merely the enthusiasm of the great man impatient of his woolly contemporaries. In general, Fenichel sheds much light on dark places, even when he is trespassing.

Chance and Choice by Cardpack and Chessboard: Volume 2. By LANCELOT HOGBEN. *Max Parrish.* 70*s.*

This is the final volume of Professor Hogben's great work on statistical analysis. Apart from its mathematical content, the whole work is unique in presenting this vital field of study in an attractive way: not only is the typography in general excellent, but a second colour is admirably used to illuminate charts, diagrams and tables. This second volume is more advanced than the first, and is certainly not for the general reader: its subjects include an analysis of variance and covariance, regression, discrimination and factor analysis, presented in such a way that advanced mathematical knowledge is not

required for understanding. But it is more than a textbook or a primer.

Mr. Hogben has an unusual interest in, and grasp of, both philosophy and sociology of mathematics. He writes:

> . . . our own generation has simultaneously experienced unprecedented eagerness to exploit new tests of significance and vigorous controversy on a wide front with respect to the credentials of statistical inference. On all sides we hear that statistical theory is the logic of the sciences; but at least three divergent views about its rationale are current . . . what distinguishes . . . statistical inference is that the *uncertainty safeguard* of [an] assertion is *numerically specifiable within an assumed framework of indefinitely protracted repetition*. Thus the uncertainty safeguard is the probability of false statement.

The increasing numbers of users of statistical analysis, in the sciences, the social sciences, public health and administration, would do well to ponder on this statement, and on the accompanying discussion.

Shakespeare Survey. Edited by ALLARDYCE NICOLL. *Cambridge*. 18*s*.

This, the eighth annual volume of its kind, gives chief prominence to Shakespearian comedy. Mr. Nevill Coghill examines *Measure for Measure* in the light of that medieval theory of comedy succinctly expressed by Vincent de Beauvais: *Est autem comoedia poesis, exordium triste, laeto fine commutans*. Shakespeare's comedies begin with trouble and end with that joyful *solemnitas* of marriage that is an image of happiness. The Renaissance theory of comedy as corrective and satirical, expounded by Sidney and embraced by Jonson, is of far less relevance in distinguishing the basic form even of a play as oppressively burdened with problems of conduct as this one. Mr. Coghill is followed by Professor Kenneth Muir, who in his well-balanced discussion of *Troilus and Cressida* shows an admirable power of making even prosaic facts tell. It appears that there are more references to Time in twenty-eight of the plays than in *Troilus*, and that *Macbeth* has twice as many, though it is a much shorter play.

Production, as usual, is brought under survey. Sir Barry Jackson contributes a short article, part historical sketch and part personal record, on the staging of the comedies. Miss Ngaio Marsh tells how she defied the "stricken dowager" conception of Olivia when presenting *Twelfth Night* in the Antipodes. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie writes on the remarkable festival at Stratford, Ontario. The volume concludes with the usual records of a year's work in Shakespeare studies: it is interesting to learn that "very strong (but unwitting) support" for Dr. Leslie Hotson's revolutionary views on their stages emerges from the research of Mr. Warren D. Smith into stage business in Shakespeare's dialogue.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,319

Set by Hilbrian

Competitors are invited to submit a poem on any county in Great Britain (limit 14 lines). The name of the county chosen, which can be its shortened version, must occur in the rhyming scheme: *e.g.*, Hants—pants; Herts—starts. Entries by June 14.

Result of No. 1,316

Set by C. Dunlop

It is reported from Caughnawaga, Quebec, that a television aerial has been erected in Chief White Eagle's wigwam in this Iroquois village. Competitors are invited to describe, in the manner of *Hiawatha* (limit 20 lines), the reception of the first programme in the wigwam.

Report

Worshipped as a totem, shattered with a hatchet here were only two ways of it. Civilisation flickering into the wigwam could be welcomed with wonder—

> So they watched the Pale-face playing
> Games of guess-work, games of childhood,
> What's My Line?, and Watch with Mother . . .
> "How!" cried Chief White Eagle. "Welcome,
> Welcome to our humble wigwam
> Distant strangers, harmless shadows,
> Shadows bringing mirth and laughter!"
>
> (G. J. Blundell)

or, more frequently, shrunk from with incredulous horror—

> Then there came a pallid squawlet,
> Shameless torso of a squawlet,
> ("Thank God only half a squawlet!"
> Murmured the appalled beholders),
> Uttering awful exhortations
> To consume the effete cornflake . . .
> In a chasm in the forest,
> In a crevice in the chasm,
> Lies the white man's mangled magic.
>
> (Edward Blishen)

The terrible climax was reached with D. W. Barker—

> . . . Now he views one Gilbert Ha Ha
> (Views him or his Yankee sibling)
> Big Squaw Boyle and Muggriwawa.
> Soon shall all the bile within him
> Rush in one great flood to choke him . . .
> He who lost the way of smiling
> Seeks his new quick-drying warpaint,
> Calls for his electric scalp-iron,
> Dons his plastic feather-headdress,
> Stamps in passion to the doorway . . .

David Todd (of Northboro, Mass.) pointed the moral most forcibly, and wins First Prize of three guineas. A guinea each to Nancy Gunter, Hazel Archard (who had the best hire-purchase line) and D. R. Peddy. Commended: C. Wilson, who had four very good lines:

> Waiting too the mast above them,
> Arms outstretched into the darkness,
> Craves response from distant totems
> Kirk o' Shotts and Sutton Coldfield—

also Alice James and D. L. L. Clarke.

> In the wigwam of the chieftain
> Gathered round the brand-new TV
> Stood the sachems and the people.
> When the screen first flickered brightly
> Rose an Indian yell of welcome.
> Silence fell upon the warriors
> As they watched succeeding programs;
> Watched the jazz bands labor fiercely;
> Watched the crooks and desperadoes;
> Watched the endless advertisements—
> And their hearts were filled with sorrow.
> For *this* had gone the hard-earned mink skins,
> The muskrat pelts, and all their wampum,
> Up arose an agry murmur
> Like a cloud of bees ascending.
> With wrathful visage Chief White Eagle
> Seized his war club, smashed it squarely
> Down upon the grinning crooner,
> Bringing peace unto his nation,
> To the forest peace and quiet.
>
> DAVID TODD

> To the wigwam of White Eagle
> Hiawatha, Minnehaha,
> And their bright papoose Lone Pylon,
> Hied for Look-see-Television;
> First they saw a weather-maker
> Prophesying storm and tempest,
> Then a newsreel, and thereafter
> "What's My Line?" and saw a spragster
> And a batman's topper-upper;
> In the interlude, the pausing
> Watched a potter shape a vessel,
> And debated on its purpose.
> Best of all to Hiawatha
> Was his aged nurse Nokomis
> Catechised by Wilfred Pickles,
> Cackling shrill with senile laughter
> When he asked her, "Are yer coortin'?"
> Wending homeward Hiawatha
> Vowed to write to Great Chief Pickles
> For a Big-See-Television.
>
> NANCY GUNTER

> WHITE EAGLE IS ROUSED FROM THE DEATH SLEEP
>
> Warm it was within the wigwam.
> Darkness lay upon the daytime,
> For the flap was fastened over
> Old Nokomis, Chief White Eagle,
> Laughing Stock and their papooses.
> There they sat before the See-set,
> Sat and watched the strange Puk-Wudjies,
> Little People, sly enchanters,
> Watched until their eyes grew heavy.
> Very sound asleep the Chief was;
> Dropped his far-see bread and meat-clasp;
> While the white teeth of his children
> Ceased to churn their Gitche Gumee.
> Then his wife rose up lamenting:
> "Wahnonomin"—So she woke him.
> "Home you brought the Little People
> On the terms of keep or render:
> Go and take them back, White Eagle
> Fear them, for they conquered Kwasind"
> "Ugh" they answered all and each one.
>
> (Kwasind—as any serious student knows—was lulled to sleep and killed by the Puk-Wudjies).
>
> HAZEL ARCHARD

> You shall hear how mighty Keneu,
> He, the wealthy Chief White Eagle,
> Came with seventeen-inch tele
> From the land of Never-Never.
> When White Eagle pressed the switcher,
> All the guests at once cried "Nushka!"
> Seeing on the shining tele
> Nenemoosha, singing sweetheart
> Of the lovers of the telly;
> Brave Ed-mur-row, the white prophet
> Of the Crosby reservation;
> Funnihaha, Laughing Joker,
> Corn, the Mondamin, out-pouring.
> Lo! How all things fade and perish!
> While the sales-man, Gitche Gimme,
> Told men of a wondrous toothpaste,
> Gushkewau, the darkness, entered,
> And the Spirit of the tele
> Promised watchers normal service
> In Ponemah, the hereafter.
>
> D. R. PEDDY

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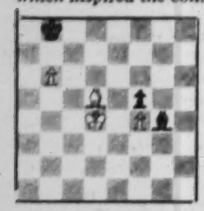
No. 296 The Final Truth

A game of chess—as Emanuel Lasker never tired to emphasise—means struggle, and its object must be by all means (preferably fair) to achieve a win, or, at any rate, to avoid a loss. Yet here—Santasiere-Kashdan, U.S. Championship 1940—is a position which inspired the contestants to struggle for objective truth rather than personal advantage. During the adjournment they exchanged notes on many hours of painstaking analysis. They no longer cared for the extra ½ point on the score-board, they were dedicated to the quest for the final truth of the position, and by the grace of Caissa they found it. Obviously, if White wants to win he must conquer the Black P at the cost of his QKtP; not quite so obviously he must keep the Black B confined to the "short" diagonal; for if it occupied the b1-h7 diagonal the win would be impossible. Hence, White played (1) K-K5 and Black countered (1) . . . B-R6! Why the exclamation mark? Because, if Black had simply marked time by, say (1) . . . K-B1 White would have had an easy win by



(2) B-Kt2!	K-Kt1	(7) B-R7	K-Kt2
(3) K-B6	K-B1	(8) P-B5	K x P
(4) K-Kt5	K-Kt1	(9) P-B6	B-Q4
(5) B-K4 ! !	B-R6	(10) K-Kt6	K-B2
(6) B x P	B-Kt7	(11) K-Kt7, etc.	

In point of fact, the game continued (2) B-K6, K-Kt2, (3) B x P, B-B8, (4) B-K6!, an excellent move because it hampers Black in his efforts to get his K *behind* the P, the most effective thing to do in such positions. Suppose, e.g., that White had played the more obvious (4) B-K4 ch, the sequel would have been (4) . . . K x P, (5) P-B5, K-B4! (6) B-Q5, B-Q6, (7) P-B6, B-Kt3, (8) K-K6, K-Q5!, (9) B-R2, B-R4, (10) K-K7, K-K4 and draws. I have no space to prove why, in case of the "diagonal opposition" (Black K at g5) White would win, but it can be looked up in Fine's "Basic Chess Endings." In the actual game another point of White's excellent 4th move was to rule out (4) . . . B-Q6 on account of K-Q4-B5; what happened was (4) . . . K x P, (5) P-B5, K-B2, (6) P-B6, K-Q1, (7) B-B7! !, K-Q2, (8) K-B5, K-Q3, (9) K-Kt6, K-K4, (10) K-Kt7. If the Black B now stood on e2 (10) . . . K-B5 would suffice for the draw. As it happened White won, thanks to the "diagonal opposition." (10) . . . B-K7, (11) B-Kt8, B-R4, (12) B-R7, followed by (13) B-Kt6, etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which, after (1) . . . R x P, White hoped to save the game by (2) R-Kt8 ch, K-R3, (3) R-KR8. He thought that, so as to avoid the mate, Black would have to repeat K-Kt2. How, instead, did Black force the win very neatly? To make

A: Kunerth 1955

B—White to win—a veritable bargain at 6 ladder-points I will add a very helpful hint. Just think how easily White could win if he could push his B and his QKtP off the board; and then think again! **C**—a very neat 3-mover (7 points)—is in grateful memory of one of the finest problemists of our time who gave lifelong devotion to the cause of chess.

B: A. Wotava 1954

C: Brian Harley 1943

Usual prizes. Entries by June 13.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 293. Set May 14.

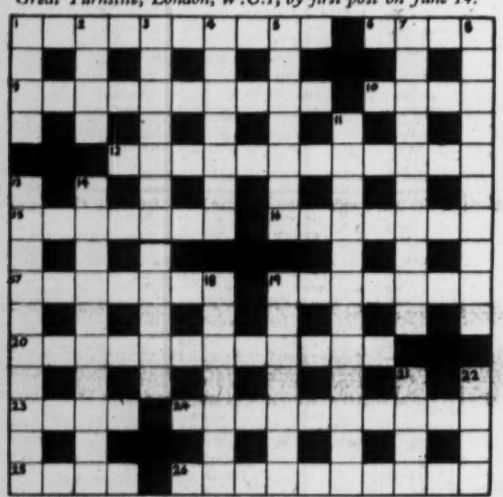
A: (1) . . . R x P. (2) R x B, Q-K7! etc.
B: (1) Kt-B6, K x Kt. (2) B-B6, K-Q4. (3) P-Q3, P-R7. (4) P-B4 ch, K-B4. (5) K-Kt7 etc.
C: (1) P-Kt7, R-R2. (2) B-B7!, R x B. (3) K-R8, P-R7. (4) P = Q, P = Q. (5) Q-Kt7 ch! etc.

In **B** (by Kubbel!) the White K should be on a 6 to avoid the dual Kt-R6 (which gets full marks). Many correct solutions, prizes shared by W. H. L. Brooking, J. Ecelson, A. E. Harris, C. G. Hilton, M. Kaye.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 155

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 155, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 14.



ACROSS

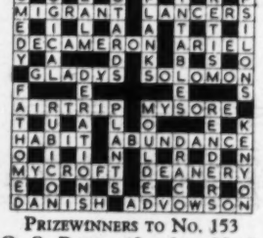
1. Kind of railway in which to transfer a footballer (10).
6. A friend's address may be a precious thing (4).
9. Caught before the championship the golf champion is in the capital (10).
10. Sound prosperity? (4).
12. The main offices are dives in which one has a couple of drinks (12).
15. He travels by air and is in Yugoslavia to revisit Tito (7).
16. It is like a ring to abolish a king (7).
17. Not polemics, but is nicer maybe (7).
19. Increase with the middle dynasty (7).
20. Leading role for headmaster and pupil (9, 3).
23. In bed this would be stranded (4).
24. Congratulate with a remark about the party being returned (10).
25. A river to try (4).
26. The man with the keys to provide accommodation in college (10).

DOWN

1. Dismissal for drink (4).
2. I am an afterthought for evil spirits (4).
3. Performance on the ground gives a key for the players (7, 5).
4. For the naval attacker there is potentially nothing barred (7).
5. The artillery following an obscure cause for a division of foot (7).
7. The motive is almost entirely to give the girl support (10).
8. Religious buildings are possibly the same in the reformed Israel (10).
11. Varnish of two nationalities (12).
13. Make a simple alteration in the preceding—or you may rub it all out and start again (10).
14. Watches perhaps for a bit in the paper (10).
18. "'Do you ——,' the Walrus said, 'That they could get it clear?'" (Carroll) (7).
19. Obscurity with short cuts in it (7).
21. People with a conservative choice of food (4).
22. A feature of last year's bad weather (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 153


COLORADO APACHE
O O E O P I R P
MIGRANT LANCERS
E I L A A T T I
DECAMERON ARIEL
Y A D K B S O
GLADYS SOLOMON
F E E S
AIRTRIP MYSORE
T U A L O E K
HABIT ABUNDANCE
O I I N L R D N
MYCROFT DEANERY
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DANISH ADVOWSON

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 153

G. S. Burton (London, N.12), D. C. Glen (Belfast), L. V. Stanhope (Manchester, 20).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JUNE "Labour Monthly." Zero Hour Chance (R.P.D.), New Hope in Europe (Quaestor), At Bandung (Chou En-lai), Einstein's Place in History (J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.), Guatemala A Year Later (A. B. Magil), Maxton and the I.L.P. (W. Gallacher). "Guatemala"—Mural by Diego Rivera, 1st reproduction in Britain. Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or half-year's subscription 9s. from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

EXPORT Information. 4th edition "Overseas Newspapers & Periodicals," over 100 pages, due to be pub. few wks., price 5s. or $1. P. & D., Ltd., 167 Strand, W.C.2.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

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TO let shortly, self-contained furnished top-floor flat Belsize Park. 5*gns*. p.w. Unsuitable for young children. Box 7550.

NEW City Office Building to let close Aldgate and Fenchurch Street. 6,000 sq. feet open floor space with full central heating. Good cloakrooms. Apply owner, Box 7530.

MIRACLE required by young prof. man and wife. Unfurnished flat. Willing redecorate. Box 7486.

MUSICIAN seeks studio flat or cottage, London area. Box 7329.

AFTER months in grave 3 yng. people desp. sk. untumblike furn. s/c flat. Domest./sec. work twice week in exch. reas. rent. Refs. Joseph, WEL. 5665.

TWO students (sisters) want s/c. flat, middle of Sept. for up to two years. Earl's Court, Notting Hill Gate area. Two rooms, kit., bath, or use of. Box 7317.

LEASEHOLDER, S.W.10, requires smaller flat next Autumn. Suggestions welcomed. Box 7239.

TWO or three English business ladies urg. req. furn. flat within 30 mins. W. End. Own kit. essent. Exc. refs. FRB. 5790.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FASHIONABLE & convenient Campden Hill, W.8, just near "Windsor Castle." A freehold cottage residence just completely restyled and modernised with care and taste. 23ft through lounge with bow-window. Dining room with casement door to small paved and planted garden. Three good bedrooms. Streamlined kitchen and bathroom. Beautiful decorations. Excellent cupboards and fittings throughout. Price £6,750, mortgage arranged if required. Apply Owner, Box 7531.

£1050 Freehold with Vacant Possession in Sussex. Well-built brick house, semi-detached, 5 rooms and kitchen, 5 miles Horsham, 150 yards bus stop. Mains electricity. Company's water at front gate. Large garden with many fruit trees. Eligible for Govt. grant for installation of modern bathroom and kitchen, etc. A most unusual opportunity for somebody with imagination. Write Box NS.544, L.P.E., 55 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

2 S.C. flats readily reconverted to one house for sale either way. Flats £875 and £775 or whole £1,550 quick sale. All mod. cons. Sheltered sun-trap gdns. Country near bus Maidstone/Tun. Wells. Tun. Wells 3077.

FHOLD Flat f. sale, £2,000. Hampstead. Also, F. House for conversion wanted. Write only, Ambrose Appelbe, 7 New Sq.

CHELSEA, Cheyne Walk, converted 75ft. Barge. Sleep three. Bth., w.c., elec., gas, telephone. £1,500 o.n.o. Box 7502.

SML. Georg. House, Suffolk. Hall, sit., din., 3 bd. K., B. (H. & C.), 2 w.c.s. Mod. drain. Gdn. Orch. Gar. Phold. Box 6978.

COLCHESTER 3 miles, above riverside village, complete seclusion, private approach, garden of unusual charm, delightful outlooks, all conveniences, 5 or 6 rooms, daily reach London, or retirement, £1,800. Rowhedge 289/Box 7121.

DARTINGTON Hall District. 1 mile Totnes. Delightful modernised thatched cottage, level and on bus route. 2 Rec. Rooms (oak beams), 4 Beds., modern Bath., large light and airy Kitchen. Outbuildings and 1 Acre with river. £3,100 freehold, or near. Waycotts, 5 Fleet Street, Torquay (Tel. 4333).

EDGWARE. Mod. det. res., 5 beds., bthrm., sep. w.c., 2 spac. rec., morn. rm., kt. Lge. gge., gdn. 5 min. stat. £4,300 f'hld./near offer. STO. 8175 evgs./wkends.

LARGE Coach-house and stables in Surrey village (London 1 hr.). Suitable for conversion to unusual, compact cottage with large garden. Main drainage connected. Architect's plans ready. Council permission granted. £850. Further land available. Box LC.221, 10 Hertford St., London, W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5*s*. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2*s*. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Latest date acceptable, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

GOVERNMENT Actuary's Department: Professional Appointments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 4 pensionable posts: (a) 1 Actuary; (b) 2 Assistant Actuaries; (c) 1 Actuarial Assistant. For posts (a) and (b) candidates should preferably be under 35, but well qualified candidates above 35 may be admitted. For post (c) candidates must be under 30 on July 1, 1955. Extension for regular Forces service. For posts (a) and (b) candidates must be Fellows of the Institute of Actuaries, or the Faculty of Actuaries in Scotland. For post (c) candidates must be honours graduates and have passed at least Part I of the Institute or Faculty examination. Salary scales for 44-hour week (men): Post (a) £1,359-£1,575; Post (b) £1,118-£1,328. Starting salary depends on qualifications and experience. For post (c) unqualified entrants receive starting salary according to age up to £522 at age 25 or over. On attaining Associateship of the Institute of Actuaries (or equivalent in the Faculty of Actuaries) they receive a special increase of £60. On attaining Fellowship salary is £850-£1,081. Women's salaries somewhat lower at present. Particulars, including promotion prospects, and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4465/55. Completed applications must be returned by June 23, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Botany. The appointee will lecture in such general courses in Botany as required but, other things being equal, preference will be given to candidates whose research interests are in autecology (physiological ecology) or paleobotany. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,200 × £A80 – £A1,750 per annum, for a Senior Lecturer, £A1,800 × £A70 – £A2,150. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia and London is July 2, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the vacant posts of Associate Professor of Classics and Senior Lecturer in Statistics (in the Department of Economics). Salary ranges are: Associate Professor £A1,898 p.a.; Senior Lecturer £A1,498-£A1,748 p.a. (including a cost of living adjustment at present £A198 p.a.). Commencing point within the Senior Lecturer's range will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant. Further particulars, conditions of appointment, and the summary form which must accompany applications may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on July 4, 1955.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited from honours graduates for (1) 2 Resident Tutorships to specialize in either Economics, History or Government (including Central and Local); (2) 2 Resident Tutorships in Trade Union Studies and Industrial Relations. Previous experience of trade union education and/or organization essential. Salary on scale £950 × £50—£1,600 p.a., according to qualifications and experience. Family allowance £100 p.a. per child (maximum £500 p.a.). Outfit allowance £60 on first appointment. F.S.S.U. Passages paid for member of staff, wife and maximum of 5 children on appointment, overseas leave and termination. Part-furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.5% of salary. Applications (10 copies) naming three referees and stating full qualifications and experience to be received by June 18, 1955, by Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 1 Gordon Sq., W.C.1, from whom further information is obtainable.

ASSISTANT Commissioners, National Savings Committee. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about 15 pensionable posts. Age at least 21 on March 1, 1955. University education and knowledge of economics desirable. Final year university students may apply. Experience of public speaking, supervision of office procedure, organisation of work with the public an advantage. Starting salary for men (including extra duty allowance, where payable), according to age, e.g., at 21, £434; at 25 or over on entry, £559. Maximum £1,112. Somewhat lower for women (above age 21) and for provincial posts. Prospects of promotion. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 154/55; application forms to be returned by June 16, 1955.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Religious Broadcasting Organiser in Belfast, to plan, prepare and produce religious broadcasts including Church and studio services for home and overseas listeners. Candidates must be convinced Christians and members of one of the Churches in the main stream of Christian belief. Qualifications required: good standard of scholarship with University degree or similar qualification, background of theological knowledge, aptitude for working in religious broadcasting. Knowledge of Northern Ireland and of Church Music an advantage. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "942 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Television Design Assistants. Architectural and art training, quick and accurate draughting and accurate colour perception essential. Some knowledge of general light constructional methods an advantage. Account taken of creative ability, perspective and visual drawings. Salary £725 p.a. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £960 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "907 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

THE B.B.C. invites applications from Arab men and women of different nationalities resident in or near London, to take part from time to time in Arabic language feature programmes as outside contributors. The work involves reading classical and colloquial scripts of both documentary and dramatic type. Previous experience of drama would be an advantage. Applicants should be in a position to accept, at fairly short notice, engagements involving up to one day's rehearsal in studios in the London area. Contractual arrangements are on the basis of normal B.B.C. practice. Applications should be made in writing to Arabic Programme Organiser, B.B.C., 200 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Applications will be acknowledged and selected applicants will be invited to attend for voice test.

NATIONAL Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a post of Research Assistant (Grade II). Age at least 21 on June 1, 1955. Candidates should normally have a degree, preferably with honours; but others will be considered if exceptionally well qualified or experienced. Sound knowledge of modern history, and interest in British naval history and maritime affairs, essential. Interest in personal and other naval relics (china, silver, glass, furniture, instruments, uniforms, etc.) desirable. Duties include care and arrangement of such material, correspondence, catalogues and guide books, occasional lectures. Salary: (men) from £402 (at age 21) to £545 (at age 26 or over on entry) rising to £670. Somewhat lower for women (but being improved under equal pay scheme). Promotion prospects. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4462/55. Completed application forms must be returned by June 16, 1955.

GOVERNMENT of Uganda. A vacancy exists for a male Information Officer (Natural Resources), Department of Information, Uganda. Age limit 35 years. Qualifications: Experience in reporting and sub-editing for an agricultural journal or for a newspaper produced in a farming area. Preference will be given to a candidate with a basic training in agriculture. Duties: To edit a monthly magazine: to produce pamphlets for African peasant farmers and radio talks on farming subjects; deal generally with agricultural publicity. Terms of appointment: On contract for tour of 30-36 months with possibility of permanency. Emoluments in the scale £762-£1,404 per annum. A gratuity of 13½ per cent of salary is payable on satisfactory completion of contract. A cost of living allowance of 10 per cent of salary is also payable. Outfit allowance of £30 if basic salary below £882 per annum. Free return passages. Furnished quarters at low rental. Generous leave. Income tax at low local rates. Apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention the reference number (BCD 148/9/01).

NORTH West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board. Hospital Administration—applications invited for a small number of posts in hospital service in North West Metropolitan Region. Salary according to age—for men, £215 p.a. at 18; £370 p.a. at 25 or over, plus £10—£30 weighting in Metropolitan Police area. Training given over three years in general hospital and mental hospital groups and with Regional Board. Applicants preferably under 25 years to have educational standard not less than general certificate. Appointments to start October, 1955, or earlier if appropriate. Written applications to, and further information from, Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a Portland Place, W.1, by July 6.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required for Department of Child Psychiatry. Vacant June 13. Psycho-analytic experience or training considered an advantage. Applications to Medical Director, West Middlesex Hospital, Isleworth, Middlesex.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Commission on Historical Monuments (England): Investigator. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post. Age at least 22 and under 26 on June 1, 1955, with extension for exceptionally well qualified candidates or for regular Forces Service, and up to two years for other Forces Service or established Civil Service. Candidates must have had an architectural training up to not less than intermediate standard and will be required to produce evidence of their ability in architectural drawing. It is also desirable that they should have wide historical knowledge and an interest in a particular aspect of the history of architecture. London salary scales £492 to £885 (men), £492 to £795 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Starting pay increased for compulsory Forces Service. Good prospects of promotion. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4463/55. Application forms to be returned by June 21, 1955.

LONDON County Council. Eltham Green School, Queenscroft Road, Eltham, S.E.9. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new comprehensive school for about 2,000 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1956. Appointment will probably take effect from January, 1956, for purpose of preliminary planning. The School will be in Burnham Group XXII head's allowance (headmaster) £920; (headmistress) £825 14s. (including the addition to the allowance as the result of the gradual introduction of equal pay). The school will be able to offer various courses, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and some leading to advanced studies in catering, commerce and engineering. There will be a deputy head with a substantial special allowance and ample provision for other posts of special responsibility. The head will have the assistance of a full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS10/Eltham obtainable from the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (Form TS10B for those candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and have nothing to add.) Will candidates who applied in response to the earlier advertisement for this school, under the name of King's Park School, issued in February, 1954, and who wish now to be considered for the headship, please note that fresh application will be required either on Form TS10/Eltham or on Form TS10B. No further notification will be issued and candidates who do not reapply in response to this advertisement will not be considered for the post. Closing date for the receipt of applications June 13, 1955.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Psychologist in the Department of Clinical Research. Previous experience in clinical testing and investigation would be an advantage. The successful applicant will be expected to spend most of his time in investigation under the direction of the Director of Clinical Research; a small proportion of his time will be devoted to the psychological testing of patients for clinical purposes. Salary will be according to the scale laid down by the Ministry of Health for psychologists in the National Health Service. Applications with full particulars and names and addresses of three referees to be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Graylingwell Hospital, Chichester, Sussex, within 21 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker (in sole charge) reqd. in County Health Dept. for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service. Good office accommodation & clerical assistance available. M.H. Cert. (L.S.E.) or Cert. for Psychiatric Social Workers of Universities of Manchester or Edinburgh. Scope & interest in new field of Psychiatric Social Work. P.T.A. Salary £500 × £20—£640 p.a. plus London Weighting accg. to age, i.e., 21 to 25 yrs. £20 p.a., 26yrs. & over £30 p.a. Above salary scale applicable if at least 2 yrs. qualified exper. (abated by £15 p.a. for each yr. or par yr. of exper. short of 2 yrs). Established, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply stating age, exp., quals. & names 2 refs. to County Medical Officer (Ref. "S"), 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen Street, S.W.1, by July 4 (quote Q.552 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

SOCIAL Workers required as temporary assistant organisers of children's care work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Possibility of permanent appointment later. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social Science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £478-£637. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.I), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by June 18. (819)

ST. AUGUSTINE'S Hospital, Chartham, Nr. Canterbury. Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker required. Basic Grade or Grade I according to experience. Salary at Whitley Council rates. Candidates must hold Mental Health Certificate, and should apply to Medical Superintendent quoting 2 refs.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CO-OPERATIVE Union Limited. Education Department. Under a Five Year Plan of experimental work, new appointments are to be made: (a) Development Officer for Intensive Practical Courses of Staff Training. Responsibilities will include formulation of syllabuses for practical courses especially for sales staffs, initiation of training schemes for potential instructors, assisting in planning local courses, etc. Commencing salary within range of £700 × £25—£825. Position calls for someone with initiative and enterprise who is deeply interested in new approaches to staff training. (b) Tutor-Organisers in Adult Education (two) to initiate and help conduct pilot experiments in selected areas in development of co-operative and social studies. Possible points for concentration are co-operative aims, social affairs and/or consumer education. Applications invited from both men and women. Commencing salary within the range of £550 × £25—£700. Further details (with application forms to be returned by July 2, 1955) may be obtained from Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union, Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics.

TUTORS required for Short Lecture Courses. The Education Department of the London Co-operative Society, Ltd., has vacancies for part-time tutors to give short courses of three or six lectures to its auxiliaries including Men's and Women's Guilds and Youth Groups. A number of courses are also arranged with Labour Parties and Trade Unions. While some of the appointments will be for the evening, most will be for the afternoons and are based on the following subjects: "Co-operation," "Central and Local Government," "International Relations," "Current Affairs." "Sociology." Full details from Education Sec., London Co-operative Society, Ltd., 34 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

NEWCASTLE General Hospital (838 beds). Newcastle upon Tyne Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Almoner or Social Worker in the Venereal Diseases Clinic. Applicants should be over the age of 25 years; of good education and with experience of Social Work. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Evening clinics are held at which attendance is necessary. Further particulars may be obtained from the Head Almoner, V. D. Department. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience together with the names of two referees should be forwarded to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 4.

LEADERS required for Mixed Boys' and Girls' Club in Islington. Married couple preferred, joint salary £700. Single applics. considered. Apply in writing to—Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Pl., W.C.1.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. There is a vacancy for a Children's Welfare Officer (woman), salary A.P.T. II (£560 to £640). Candidates should have previous experience as a Child Care Officer in a Children's Department. Forms of application, together with particulars of the appointment, may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 47 Full Street, Derby. D. G. Gilman, Clerk of the County Council, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.

LONDON County Council. Temporary Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work (£478-£637) in Education Officer's Department. Duties largely training and advising voluntary workers in social work in schools. Social science diploma or similar qualification desirable. Application forms with further details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/N), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by June 17. (759.)

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organisers (temporary staff) for duty in first instance in the Hackney area of London. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary: £446 5s. × £31 17s. 6d. £573 15s. commencing according to quals. and expce. Appln. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 4, Drysdale Street, N.1. Closing date June 14. (792.)

PERSONNEL Officer (Woman) required immediately by C. & J. Clark, Ltd., Shoemakers, Street, Somerset. The successful applicant will be employed at a branch factory in Somerset employing 700 people. She will be expected to live in Street, where a self-contained fully furnished flat is available; she should be a country-lover, and if she were able to drive a car, that would be an advantage. University training in Social Science and previous experience in Personnel Management essential. Starting salary £550. Applications should be made to Personnel Manager, marked "Private."

TRAVEL Service, S. Kensington, requires assistants, one with sh./typing for British travel department, one with book-keeping or accountancy experience. Box 7603.

AN interesting position with a pleasant, expanding City office is offered to a shorthand or Emidicta typist with above-average intelligence and initiative. No Saturdays, holidays arranged. CITy 3641.

SECRETARY-shorthand-typist for Senior Partner West End Solicitors. Good salary, interesting and progressive post for capable and intelligent applicant possessing initiative. Legal experience desirable but not essential. 5-day week. Holiday this year. Apply Mr. Ford. Hunter 9991.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Woolverstone Hall, Near Ipswich, Suffolk (boarding school for boys, 11-18). Headmaster, J. S. H. Smitherman, M.A. Required September, Master to teach Music throughout school, and organise musical side of school activities, which includes orchestra and choral society. This master will be required to do small amount of other teaching; applicants should state what they are willing to do. Appointment will be to Council's service, with assignment to this school. Apply at once on form EO/TS40, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS2), County Hall, London, S.E.1 (s.a.e. f'scap.) and returnable to Headmaster at the school by June 15. (770.)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Warden of Halifax House, the Graduate Club of Oxford University, to start on August 1, 1955. Duties include catering and all domestic arrangements. Membership is about 400 with sleeping accommodation for 5. Average number of lunches and suppers served is 100 and 40 respectively. Salary in the region of £400 p.a. according to qualifications and experience (I.M.A. training desirable), plus full board and furnished flat together with garage. Contributory pension scheme. Full particulars from The Secretary, The University Chest, Oxford, to whom application should be made not later than June 11, stating age, qualifications and experience, and giving names of 3 refs.

APPLICATIONS are invited from well-educated persons of good social background for a senior position on appeals staff of leading Jewish organisation; candidates should possess initiative, sound organising ability, experience at addressing meetings, flair for publicity and be fully conversant with communal and Israeli affairs. Write, in confidence, to Executive Director, Technion House, 83 Wimpole St., London, W.1.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £225-£250 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write to the Matron, The West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars.

ASSISTANT Club Leader (woman) needed whole-time or part-time for the Frances Mary Buss House, Bow, a small residential settlement in the East End. Apply, stating qualifications, experience and salary required, to the Secretary, Society of the Frances Mary Buss House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware, Middx. Further details can be obtained from Secretary.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being asked to extend its service to other parts of the country. Social Workers interested in participating in this development can obtain details from 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

W.A.S.U. Ltd. invites applications for the post of Resident Warden for the West African Students Union Hostel; also for Lady Housekeeper and Residential Cook. Apply: Management Committee, W.A.S.U., c/o 69 Warrington Crescent, London, W.9.

BRUMMANA High School, near Beirut, Lebanon, requires in October arts and crafts teacher; good qualifications and some experience. The School, under the management of the Society of Friends, has a roll of 470 scholars, 225 of whom are boarders, is beautifully situated and offers excellent opportunity of travel and study to keen and energetic young man. Good salary and travelling expenses. Repatriation after 3 years' service. Applications (air mail) to Principal as above.

THE School, Dartington Hall, Totnes. (i) Man or woman whose main interest is the musical education of children aged 3 to 12, including the teaching of Music Reading, Singing, Percussion Band, Pipes and/or Recorders, Piano. (ii) Man or woman to teach most or all of the following musical subjects, and possibly others: History and Analysis (if possible to University or G.C.E. Scholarship Level), Piano, Orchestra, Musical Appreciation (as a non-exam. subject). Ability to help with games an advantage.

INSTRUCTOR in English (full-time or substantial part-time) required by Correspondence School. Journalistic experience a recommendation but not essential. Write fully (in confidence) giving details of age, experience and qualifications, to Box 7533.

A COOK and a Gardener, M. or F., wanted for small, mostly vegetarian Home for Backward Boys in Berks. Willing to be helped and hindered by the pupils. Box 7143.

HELEN Wilson Settlement, Hicks St., Sheffield, 3, requires Warden, September 1. Salary for suitably qualified candidate £400 with accommodation. Further particulars from the Chairman of the Settlement to whom applications with names of three referees should be sent before June 14. Transition of Settlement to Community Centre basis under consideration.

SOCIAL Welfare Officer, woman, reqd. for voluntary organisation in Berkshire. Exp. in some social work essential. Box 7330.

LONDON, N.W.11. Ind. recogn. prog. co-ed. day school has vacancy in September, 1955, for woman under 27 to take 6-year-old group. Training essential, Froebel prefd. Burnham (London) scale. King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

ST. Christopher School, Letchworth. Co-educational. Required for September, assistant matron in senior boarding house. Applications to Mrs. King Harris.

DORSET. Wanted, Sept., in Girls' Public Boarding School, Assistant Mistress to teach General Science. Post resident. Burnham Scale salary. Box 6874.

FABIAN Society reqs. Secretary/shorthand typist, £6 5s. p.w. plus increments. 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday. Interesting work. Applics. for half-time appointment will be considered. Apply in writing to Gen. Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

J. LYONS & Co., Ltd., have vacancies in London for male and female graduate trainees in the following fields: Office Management; Cost Accounting; Organisation & Methods; Electronic Computers, Engineering, Programming Operation; Labour Planning. Anyone interested is invited to write for an appointment to the Control Office, Cadby Hall, London, W.14.

EASTMAN Dental Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, General Clerk/Typist required. Salary commencing up to £365 p.a. Also Clerk/Receptionist commencing up to £335 p.a. Hours 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Mons. to Fris., alt. Sats. 9-1. Applications stating age and particulars of experience to the Secretary and Finance Officer.

BARBER Institute of Fine Arts. Secretary of Music Department; responsible post with assistant; some previous secretarial exper. essential. musical qualific. an advantage. Applications and 2 testimonials to Professor of Music, Barber Institute of Fine Arts, University, Birmingham, 15.

SHORTHAND-Typist required at Child Guidance Training Centre, 6 Osnaburgh Street, N.W.1, to work for professional staff. Salary £335 at 25 rising to £410 p.a. (increments on passing speed tests). Applications, with names of two referees, to Secretary, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1.

SECRETARY required at once. Interesting political office. Box 7612.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the hour, day or week. Generous sals. and bonuses. Holidays with pay. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

PUBLISHER requires junior shorthand-typist for editorial and business correspondence. Write Phœnix House, Ltd., 38 William IV St. W.C.2/'phone TEM. 0525.

ADVERTISING agency typographer with experience required. Consideration will be given to existing holiday arrangements. Write giving details of experience and when available for interview. Box 7512.

BURNETTS have available daily hundreds of interesting and highly-paid vacancies for expd. Secretarial, Office, Domestic and other staff. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

ADAPTABLE Women to work as Temporary Secretaries, Shorthand-Typists or Copy Typists. Salaries to £7 15s. for 30-hour week (10 to 5, no Saturdays). Longer hours at higher salaries if required. Sickness and holiday pay. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria. Telephone LON. 5397 and VIC. 5084.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

PART-time shorthand-typists for W/End Solicitors. Hours arranged as reqd. Legal exp. desirable but not essential. Apply Mr. Ford, HUN. 9991.

INTELL. woman, car-driver, fond small children and large animals, to run architect's well-eqpd. home, country; baby expected soon. Cen. Lon. 1 hr. Loughton 5272.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CAPABLE organiser, man of 40 seeks post where ability and adaptability count. Pleasing personality, well spoken. Any administrative, responsible or secretarial position considered. Driving licence. Box 7554.

MAN, forty years of age. Helpful, tactful, personality. Trade Union experience and background. Ability as public speaker, lecturer, organiser. Desires post. Box 7544.

HOMEWARD bound after 2 yrs. in Antarctica, ex-Serviceman, 30, Ldn. Soc. Sci. Diploma, seeks employment. Unfacetious suggestions welcomed. Box 7238.

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EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

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THREE Junior Scholarships offered by Little Abbey School, Newbury, value £50 p.a. each, to boys under 9 on July 1 who are not already attending a similar preparatory boarding school. Exam. and interview July 7. Full fees £70 per term. Lovely country surroundings. Particulars: Headmaster.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CASTLE Rock Hotel (A.A.-R.A.C.), Port Isaac, Cornwall. Unrivalled situation overlooking bay. Licensed club, sun lounge, television, garages. Noted for cuisine, comfort & service. Reduced incl. terms to mid-July 7½-8½gns. Illustrated brochure. 'Phone 219. Victor Hilton recommended.

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RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive few guests. Rye 2207.

IDEAL Holidays or Week-ends in unspoilt rural Essex, varied recreations, golf nr. Excellent table. Lic. Brochure: Lt. Bardfield Hall, nr. Braintree. Gt. Bardfield 241.

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful views, first-class food. Anne Horner. Tel 508.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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COUNTRY Guest House. Lovely Cotswold valley. Excellent food. 6 to 7gns. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

SPEND Summer holidays in beautiful mountain/sea district. Every comfort in small country mansion. Brochure: Brohatna, Ravensdale, Co. Louth, Eire.

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BOOK holidays now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H. & C. bedrooms. Excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Terms mod. Broch.: Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, Ireland.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith (via Stockport). Mountain air, home cooking, personal attention. Brochure.

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BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking, 7½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "Legend of Pepito," by Ted Allan. Tues.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 and 8.30.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall), Tavistock Rep. in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by William Shakespeare, in the beautiful Tower Garden, opens Fri., June 3, 7.30. Also Sat., June 4, 3 & 7.30, Thurs., 9, Fri., 10, 7.30, Sat. 11, 3 & 7.30. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

SHANTA Rao, India's great dancer, public performance at Fortune Theatre, June 10, 8.15 p.m. Book through Scala Box Office, MUSeum 5731.

ARTS (Tem. 3444). Last 2 days, 5.0 & 8.0, "The Midnight Family." Mems.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "Russian for Yes," comedy on Anglo-Soviet relations. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 5: Marx Bros. in "Duck Soup" (U). From June 6: Burgess Meredith, "Winterset" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Jun. 4. Zachary Scott, Betty Field in "The Southerner" (A). Dir. Jean Renoir. 2, 4, 6, 8.

I.C.A. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones, Sat., June 4, 8-11 p.m., Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CABARET! Record round-up of international artists pres. by E. Mantus. Central Jewish Lit. June 8 at 7.45. Foiman's, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, June 5, at 3. London String Quartet, Moiseiwitsch (piano), John Shinebourne ('cello). String Quartet in B flat (The Hunt), Mozart; String Quintet in C, Op. 163, Schubert; Piano Quintet in F minor, Op. 34, Brahms. WAT. 3191.

LONDON String Trio (Emanuel Hurwitz, Watson Forbes, Vivian Joseph). Beethoven programme: String Trios and Serenade. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat., June 4, at 8.15. (WAT. 3191.)

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior, Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection. Old Masters 11-12.30, 2.30-6. 2s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE Society of Painters & Sculptors. First Exhibition, Arts Council Gallery, All Saints' Passage, Cambridge. June 1-15, daily except Sundays, 10.30-6.30.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice V. French 19th and 20th Century Paintings).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Picasso—63 drawings (1953-54) and 10 Bronzes. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until June 4.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. New Paintings by Jack Smith. Until June 4.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Sculpture and Paintings by Namba Roy. Till June 11. Tues.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mondays.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings by Mark Tobey. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Saturdays until 1 p.m. Closed Suns. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Porobic.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: American Primitive Art, 1670-1954. Opens tomorrow. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adms. Aldgate East Stn.

KENSINGTON Artists' Annual Exhibition, Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14. June 7-25. Weekdays 11-7 (Sats. 11-5). Admission free.

HAROLD Gilman. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Closes June 5. Week-days 10-6. Sun. 2-6. Admission free.

POLISH Film Posters. Exhib. at Polish Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. June 6-18. Wkdys. 10-8, Sats. 10-1. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Katerina Wilczynski, drawings of London and the Mediterranean. French Paintings. Until June 25.

GIACOMETTI. An Exhibition of Sculpture, Paintings & Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 9. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Pictures by John Piper and Chien-Ying Chang. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Till June 9.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. John Ogburn, May 29-July 9.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Japanese Art. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Modern Churchmen's Union. Wednesday, June 8. The Church of St. Margaret, Lothbury, London, E.C.2 (at the rear of the Bank of England. Nearest Underground, The Bank). 1.15 p.m. Annual Service; Preacher, the Rev. A. J. Drewett. 3.15 p.m. Annual General Meeting (open to the public). Speaker, Canon C. E. Raven: "Russia To-day." And at the New Chiltern Rooms (Y.W.C.A. Building, 108 Baker Street, W.1). 8 p.m. Public Meeting (Entrance 2s. 6d.) "Christian Faith and Living Issues—Any Questions?" Panel of Speakers: Sir Henry Self (chairman), The Very Rev. W. G. Fallows, Professor H. Levy, Maurice B. Reckitt, J. Wren-Lewis. Refreshments.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "An old problem in a modern setting," Jean Graham-Hall. Wed., June 8, 7.30 p.m. at St. Annes House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome, 2s.

I.C.A., June 6, 7.45, at French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7. Films incl. "John Piper," "Television Documentary" by John Read, "Jeus des Mains," premiere "Another Sky," made in Morocco by Gavin Lambert. Seats must be booked in advance from I.C.A. Gallery. Mems. 4s. 6d., guests 6s. 6d.

J. B. COATES: "A Moral Consensus." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., June 5, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. June 3, 8 p.m. Baron Meyendorff, "The dogma and practice of the Revolution." June 10, John Lawrence (recently returned from U.S.S.R.), "Where is Russia going?" June 13, 8 p.m. Dr. Steinberg, "Freedom in Dostoievsky."

"FOLK Song Hunting In Bulgaria." Illustrated by Tape Recordings. A. L. Lloyd. Monday, June 6, 8 p.m. Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street (Nr. Leicester Sq. Und.). Mems. 1s. 6d., Friends 2s. 6d. Soc. for Friendship with Bulgaria.

CECIL Day Lewis will meet friends and signatories of the Authors' World Peace Appeal at 10 Primrose Gardens, N.W.3, Thurs., June 9, 8 p.m. Refreshments (not too light!), 3s. 6d.

"WAR on Want." Harold Wilson, M.P. Sunday, June 12, at 6.30. King's Weigh House Church, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square (Bond St. Tube).

"MEDICAL Effects of Radioactivity": Scientific Conference at 45 Russell Sq., W.C.1 (nr. Euston Stn.), Sat., June 4, 2.30-6 p.m. Adm. free. Details from Secy., M.A.P.W., 291 Burntwood Lane, S.W.17.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., June 5. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "The Religion of Albert Einstein." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30, Sunday, June 5, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse: Mrs. E. Hunter, "Pacifism and Faith."

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public lecture, Wednesday, June 8 at 6.30 p.m. "The Buddha Dhamma 1. Theory." The Ven. Gunasiri Thera.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15 p.m., Fri., June 10: Mrs. Doris Grant, "Tale of a Dragon." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SOVIET Housing Law. W. Sedley. Chair: Miss D. Scott Stokes. Tues., June 7, 7 p.m. Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane, Fleet St., E.C.4. Arr. by Anglo Soviet Law Association, Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. members 1s.).

"ARCHITECTURE, Science & Society." Lecture by Professor Bernal arranged by Communist Party Architects' Group. Wed., June 8, 7.45, at the Housing Centre, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Adm. 1s.

POETRY Lovers, come to the Reciters Rendezvous, Laurie Arms, Crawford Place, Edgware Rd., W.1, every Friday, 8 p.m.

"CROMWELLIAN Revolution: New Soviet Textbook." Christopher Hill. Thurs., June 9, 7 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.)

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. "Humanism in Modern Art." Lecture by Josef Herman. Sunday, June 5 at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sun. 8 p.m. June 5: "Sleep and Dreams."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Station), Thursday, June 9, 7.30. India's Religious History—A Survey. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. June 11 at 6 p.m. M. Jean Llasera: "L'Ame de la Provence."

YOGA and Modern Life. Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.11. Lectures every Tuesday at 6.30. June 7: "Yoga in Action."

THE Buddhist Vihara Society in England. "The Theory of Mind." Mr. W. S. Karunaratne. Sun., June 5, 3 p.m., 10 Ovington Gardens, S.W.3.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

EQUALITY of Opportunity—one year residential course in liberal subjects for women (20-45) who missed their chances in education and wish to continue their studies, for personal satisfaction or as an opening to a new career. Grants available: no examinations. Details from: Secretary (S), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses: Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

OXFORD Vacation Course in Education, July 28-August 11, 1955, including lectures on "Planned Education—a Contradiction in Terms?"; on the teaching of school subjects; on "The Christian Faith and its Setting in History"; and discussions on special problems. Visiting lecturers include Lady Ogilvie, Professor Coulson, R. H. S. Crossman, Dr. R. M. Hutchins, Professor Lester Smith. Further particulars from The Director, Oxford University Department of Education, 15 Norham Gardens, Oxford (marked "Vacation Course").

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1955 Summer School: "Democracy in the Atomic Age," Buxton, August 13-27. Speakers include H. J. Blackham, Prof. E. Devons, Prof. S. E. Finer, the Rev. G. J. G. Grieve, Wilfrid Harrison, Sir Will Lawther, Prof. H. Levy, D. A. Routh. For details apply to T. H. O., 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

AFTER the Election. Fabian Summer Schools, Aug. 6-13: Oxford. Aug. 13-20: Farnham. Alan Birch, Maurice Cranston, C. A. R. Crosland, R. H. S. Crossman, Henry Fairlie, Douglas Houghton, Roy Jenkins, Ernest Jones, Richard Lowenthal, James MacColl, John Parker, J. Enoch Powell, A. J. P. Taylor, Fred Willey. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

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SPANISH Summer Course in San Sebastian. Aug. 1-18. The Hispanic Council, 2, Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

BRAZIERS Summer School 1955: "Giving Shape to the Unknown," Aug. 19-Sept. 2. Details from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

THE French Universities are organising holiday courses in Paris, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Caen, Cannes, Dijon, Grenoble, Montpellier, Nice, Pau, La Rochelle, Saint-Malo, Strasbourg, Tours. For particulars apply to the Cultural Attaché to the French Embassy, 22, Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.1.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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